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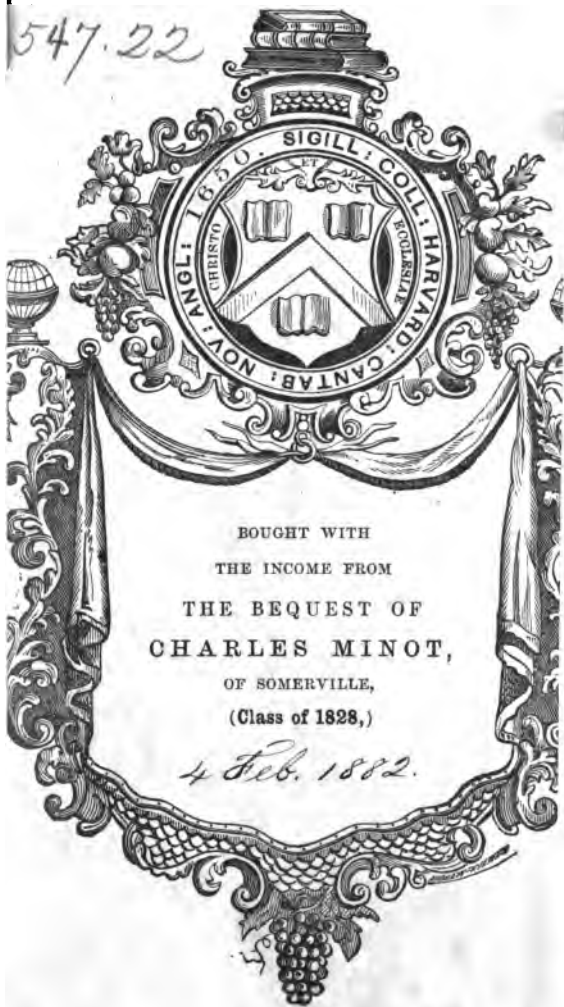
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Anthologia Germanica.

GERMAN ANTHOLOGY:

A SERIES OF

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE MOST POPULAR OF THE GERMAN POETS.

BY

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Ⓒ

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GERMAN ANTHOLOGY.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

The Lay of the Captive Count.

THE COUNT.

I know a Flower of beauty rare,
And long with sweetest anguish
To go and cull this Flower so fair ;
But here in thrall I languish.
All day I murmur, "Woe is me !"
For, while as yet my steps were free
This lovely flower was in my power.

From these blank walls I gaze in vain
To find my cherished Flower ;
The dell is lost, and dim the plain,
So lofty is this tower !

But, be he knave, or be he knight,
Who brings me here my heart's delight,
I'll call him nearest friend and dearest.

THE ROSE.

Behold ! a Flower divinely bright
Below thy trellis bloweth ;
Thou surely meanest me, Sir Knight,
The Rose that richly gloweth :
A princely mind is thine, I ween,
The flower of flowers, the garden-queen,
Methinks must blossom on thy bosom.

THE COUNT.

O Rose ! we prize thy damask dyes
Through leafy darkness peering ;
As precious thou in maiden's eyes
As pearl, or gold, or ear-ring.
Thou deckest well her braided hair ;
Yet art not thou the wonder fair
Whereon I ponder, ever fonder.

THE LILY.

The flaunting Rose is proud of port,
And proud are they who seek her,
But modest minds will fairer court
A coy flower and meeker.
The soft in soul, the pure in heart,
Methinks will chuse the better part,
And love with stilly love the Lily.

THE COUNT.

I hold myself unstained and chaste,
And free from darker failings ;
Yet here, a captive wretch, I waste
My heart in bitter wailings !
Meet emblem of the Undefined
Art thou, a spotless flower and mild,
But mine is rarer, dearer, fairer.

THE PINK.

That rarer, fairer flower am I,
I bud and bloom so gaily
Here in mine arbour, tended by
The heedful warden daily ;

With clustering petals breathing out
Voluptuous perfume round about,
And thousand glowing colours shewing.

THE COUNT.

The brilliant Pink let no man slight,—
The gardener's minion-floweret
Now must it bask in garish light,
Now shadow must embower it;
But such will never heal my woe;
Mine is a meek-eyed flower, and, though
Serene and tender, hath no splendour.

THE VIOLET.

Uneyed and hidden here I bloom,
Wrapped in communings lonely;
Yet will I now, Sir Knight, presume
To speak, though this time only.
If I, the Violet, be thy flower,
It grieves me that I want the power
To lightly clamber tow'rd's thy chamber.

THE COUNT.

I love the vestal Violet,
Her odour and her colour,

But even for her can ne'er forget
My lonely doom of dolour.
Hear, friends, my mournful riddle right :
In vain all round this rocky height
I cast mine eye for what I sigh for.

But far beneath, by streams and groves,
Her bosom overladen
With sorrow for my thralldom, roves
Earth's truest-hearted maiden.
And when she weeps my dreary lot,
And plucks the blue Forget-Me-Not,
It wakes Affection's recollections.

For love like her's hath mystic might,
Which breathes through sundering distance ;
And feeds, even in my dungeon's night,
My lamp of pale existence.
And, when my heart would break, this thought
Steals over it, Forget-Me-Not !
And I inherit Strength and Spirit.

Hassan Aga.

What white form is shimmering on yon lea?
Is it snow, or is it swans we see?
Snow? It would have melted in the ray.
Swans? Long since they must have flown away.
Snow it is not; swans it cannot be;
'Tis the tent of Hassan Aga shining:
There the wounded warrior lieth pining.
Mother, sisters, all to tend him come;
But his wife, too shamefaced, weeps at home.

Wherefore, when his wounds were looking better,
Sent he to the faithful one this letter—
“Go! Depart thee from my bed and door:
Bear my name and eat my bread no more.”

When the wife this bitter word received
Oh! her loving heart was pierced and grieved.
Hark! a courser's tramping nears the house;
Is it Hassan comes, her lord and spouse?

So she deems, and, frenzied by her woe,
Mounts the tower to cast herself below.
Two dear daughters follow her anon,
Tear-drops trickling down their faces wan.
“ This is not our father, mother dear!
’Tis our uncle Suleiman is here.”

Then the wife of Hassan Aga, turning,
Clasps her brother’s neck with tears and mourning.
“ Oh, my brother ! how shall I survive
This disgrace ? Oh, miserable me !
Such a black, black day as this to see !
Me, the mother of these helpless five ! ”

But the brother, without word or pause,
Stern of soul and countenance,—his course
Fixed and changeless,—from his bosom draws
Forth the fateful writing of divorce,
Bound in silk and edged with damask border ;
And aloud he reads the rigid order
Which again consigns her to her mother,
Free to win and free to wed another.

When the mother saw herself dismissed
For her choking grief she could not speak ;

Both her girls she kissed upon the cheek,
Both her boys upon the brow she kissed,
But she could not tear herself away
From the babe that in the cradle lay ;
So the brother dragged her out by force,
And he placed her on his Arab horse,
And away with her, like wind, from thence
Galloped to his mother's residence.

Now, ere seven days and nights were over,
Many a stately lord and titled lover,
Many a capitan, and bey, and noble,
Came to woo the widow in her trouble.

And of all these great and gallant men
Fair Imoski's Cadi was the chief.

Spake the mourner to her brother then,
While she struggled with her tears and grief,
" I adjure thee by these tears, my brother,
Give me not in marriage to another,
Lest, when once again my babes I see,
This poor heart should break with agony."

But the brother laughed her tears to scorn,
“Plighted shalt thou be to-morrow morn,
And the noon shall see the nuptial feast.”—
“Then, oh, brother! hear me now at least,
Send this message to Imoski’s Cadi—
‘Health and greetings from the widow lady.
‘Might the humblest of thy slaves demand
‘One slight favour from thine honored hand?
‘When again thou visitest this place
‘Bring a veil to hide her form and face,
‘Lest, when passing Hassan Aga’s door,
‘She behold her little ones once more.’”

Thought the Cadi, “What she asks is meet.”

With the morn he summons all his suite,
And the cavalcade, a glittering throng,
Moves with music tow’rds the house along,
He whom all as lord and master hail
Bearing on his arm the silken veil.

Safely have they now achieved their route,
Safely have they led the veiled one out,
Jewelled as becomes the Cadi’s spouse;
But, alas! they near the dreaded house,

And the mother hears her children cry,
"Mother ! mother ! dost thou pass us by ?
Wilt thou sit in stranger-halls ? Ah ! rather
Come and eat thy bread with us and father !"

This the mother heard with fond distress—
Heavy was her heart, like heavy lead ;
" May my lord live long !" she sadly said—
" May his reverend shadow ne'er be less !
Bid, I pray thee, the procession wait
One short moment at the Aga's gate,
While I go and leave some keepsakes here,
Robes and playthings for my children dear."

Then once more within the well-known gate
Doth she enter in her dress of state—
Sees once more her little girls and boys,
Gives them shining robes and gives them toys—
Gives her daughters costly silks and suits,
Gives her sons rich vests and gold-laced boots,
Nor forgets the babe, but leaves it some
Little socks and caps for years to come.

Now the father saw all this aside,
Saw she did not weep and did not speak ;

And, with hollow voice and hollow cheek,
Turning to his little ones, he cried—
“Come to me, my children! come to me!
For your mother’s heart is turned to steel,
Is as cold as stone, and cannot feel,
Cannot feel for either me or ye.”

But when Hassan’s widow heard *him* speak,
And beheld her offspring leaving her,
On the floor she fell without a shriek,
On the floor she lay without a stir,
And her cruel grief no more had power,
For the soul went out of her that hour.

The Minstrel.

“ What voice, what harp, are those we hear

Beyond the gate in chorus?

Go, page!—the lay delights our ear,

We'll have it sung before us!”

So speaks the king: the stripling flies—

He soon returns; his master cries—

“ Bring in the hoary minstrel!”

“ Hail, princes mine! Hail, noble knights!

All hail, enchanting dames!

What starry heaven! What blinding lights!

Whose tongue may tell their names?

In this bright hall, amid this blaze,

Close, close, mine eyes! Ye may not gaze

On such stupendous glories!”

The Minnesinger closed his eyes;

He struck his mighty lyre:

Then beauteous bosoms heaved with sighs,

And warriors felt on fire;

The king, enraptured by the strain,

Commanded that a golden chain

Be given the bard in guerdon.

“Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,
For those brave knights whose glances,
Fierce flashing through the battle bold,
Might shiver sharpest lances!
Bestow it on thy Treasurer there—
The golden burden let him bear
With other glittering burdens.

“I sing as in the greenwood bush
The cageless wild-bird carols—
The tones that from the full heart gush
Themselves are gold and laurels!
Yet, might I ask, then thus I ask,
Let one bright cup of wine in flask
Of glowing gold be brought me!”

They set it down : he quaffs it all,
“O! draught of richest flavor!
O! thrice divinely happy hall,
Where that is scarce a favor!
If Heaven shall bless ye think on me,
And thank your God as I thank ye
For this delicious wine-cup!”

Mignon's Song.

O ! dost thou know the clime where citron fruits are
blooming fair ?

The gold-hued orange burns amid the dusky greenery
there ;

From skies of speckless blue are wafted airlets warm and
soft ;

There sleepy myrtles grow ; there trees of laurel stand
aloft.

That bright land dost thou know ?

Thither with thee, my love, I long to go.

And dost thou know the Pile, with roof on colonnades
reclining ?

The broad saloon is bright ; the chambers there are darkly
shining,

And alabaster forms look down upon me pityingly—

“ Alas, unhappy child ! what ill the world has done to
thee ! ”

That dwelling dost thou know ?

Thither, protector mine, with thee I'll go.

Knowest thou the mountain's brow ? Its pathway clouds
and shadows cover :

Amid the darkling mist the mule pursues his blind way
over.

The dragon and his brood lurk in its thousand cavern-
hollows ;

The rent rock topples down ; the headlong sweep of
waters follows.

That mountain dost thou know ?

Thither our way lies. Father ! let us go.

The Violet.

A violet in a valley dwelled ;
It bloomed alone and unbeheld ;

Ah ! 'twas a delicate vi'let !
A shepherd-maiden, blithe and young,
With tripping foot and spirits gay,
That way, that way,
Came down the vale and sung.

Ah ! wished the violet, would I were
Let be some flower of beauty rare !

Ah ! but one little while let !
Then, might I, culled by one so fair,
Be softly in her bosom put,
Ah ! but, ah ! but
One little moment there !

But ah ! the damsel heeded not
Its plaint, and as she passed the spot

She crushed the helpless vi'let.
It sank, and died with smothered sigh,
“ And though I die my death is sweet :
I die, I die,
By her and at her feet.”

The Treasure-seeker.

Sick at heart and lank in purse,
I dragged my snake-like days along ;
Want is Man's reproach and curse,
And Gold is Bliss—thus ran my song.
So, to end my woes and pains,
A treasure-crock I went to roll up ;
Struck the sharp steel in my veins,
And signed the bond that gave my soul up.

Magic circles then I drew,
And flaming hieroglyphics there ;
Herbs and bones together threw,
And spake the incantation prayer.
Storms were blackening Midnight's face,
But I fulfilled each godless duty ;
Standing by the marked-out place,
I sank my spade to dig the booty.

Twelve o'clock ! Lo ! from afar
Advancing swiftly through the darkling
Midnight mist I marked a star
Most luminously rare and sparkling.

Wonder overpowered my soul :
Then brightlier flashed the heavenly flood,
And, in 's hand a glittering bowl,
A beauteous boy before me stood.

Mildly gleamed his eyes of light ;
With richest wreaths his brows were crowned ;
Haloed by the liquid bright
He stepped within the circle's bound.
Friendlily he bade me taste ;
And then I thought, This child so fair,
Light-begirt and mildness-graced,
Hath surely scarce a dæmon's air !

“ Drink at LIFE's upgushing wells !
Thus dost thou learn the manlier Science,
Scorn those paltry spectre-spells,
And bid thy nightmare cares defiance.
Spend no more thy spirits here ;
But, noonday tasks and evening pleasures,
Weekdays labour, Sundays cheer,
Be these thy charm to conjure treasures !”

The Rose.

Once a boy beheld a bright
Rose in dingle growing ;
Far, far off it pleased his sight;
Near he viewed it with delight :

Soft it seemed and glowing.
Lo ! the rose, the rose so bright,
Rose so brightly blowing !

Spake the boy, " I'll pluck thee, grand
Rose all wildly blowing."
Spake the rose, " I'll wound thy hand,
Thus the scheme thy wit hath planned
Deftly overthrowing."

O ! the rose, the rose so grand,
Rose so grandly glowing.

But the stripling plucked the red
Rose in glory growing,
And the thorn his flesh hath bled,
And the rose's pride is fled,
And her beauty's going.

Wo ! the rose, the rose once red
Rose once redly glowing

The Fisherman.

The waters rush, the waters roll; a fisherman sits
 angling by;
He gazes o'er their glancing floor with sleepy brow and
 listless eye;
And while he looks, and while he lolls, the flood is moved
 as by a storm,
And slowly from its heaving depths ascends a humid
 woman's form.

She sings, she speaks,—“Why lure, why wile, with
 human craft and human snare,
My little ones, my helpless brood, to perish in this
 fiery air?
Ah! couldst thou guess the dreamy bliss we feel below
 the purple sea,
Thou wouldst forsake the earth and all, to dwell beneath
 with them and me.

“The moon, the sun, their travel done, come down to
 sleep in Ocean's caves;
They reascend their glorious thrones, with doubled beauty
 from the waves.

Ah! sure the blue ethereal dew, the shining heaven
these waters shew,
Nay, even thine own reflected face must draw thee, win
thee down below."

The waters rush, the waters roll; about his naked feet
they move;
An aching longing fills his soul, as when we look on her
we love.
She sings to him, she speaks to him: alas! he feels that
all is o'er,
She drags him down; his senses swim; the fisherman is
seen no more!

The King of Thulé.

Oh ! true was his heart while he breathèd,
That King over Thulé of old,
So she that adored him bequeathèd
Him, dying, a beaker of gold.

At banquet and supper for years has
He brimmingly filled it up,
His eyes overflowing with tears as
He drank from that beaker-cup.

When Death came to wither his pleasures
He parcelled his cities wide,
His castles, his lands, and his treasures,
But the beaker he laid aside.

They drank the red wine from the chalice,
His barons and marshals brave ;
The monarch sat in his rock-palace
Above the white foam of the wave.

And now, growing weaker and weaker
He quaffed his last Welcome to Death,
And hurled the golden beaker
Down into the flood beneath.

He saw it winking and sinking,
And drinking the foam so hoar ;
The light from his eyes was shrinking,
Nor drop did he ever drink more.

A Voice from the Invisible World.

High o'er his mouldering castle-walls
The warrior's phantom glides,
And loudly to the skiff it calls
That on the billow rides—

“ Behold ! these arms once vaunted might,
This heart beat wild and bold—
Behold ! these ducal veins ran bright
With wine-red blood of old.

“ The noon in storm, the eve in rest,
So sped my life's brief day.
What then? *Young bark on Ocean's breast*
Cleave thou thy destined way !”

The Alder-King.

Who is it rides across the dun

And desolate wolds? —

It is the father—and his son

In his arms he holds:

He rides through Night, he rides through storm,

And from wild to wild,

But in his mantle, wrapped up warm,

He carries the child.

THE FATHER.

“ My son, my son, why dost thou bow

Thy head, as in fear?”

THE SON.

“ O, father! father! seest not thou

The Alder-King near?

The Alder-King! he glares on me

With his crown and trail!”

THE FATHER.

“ Hush! hush! my child—I only see
The mist from the vale.”

THE SPECTRE.

“ O, come with me, dear little boy !
Come with me, O, come!
I've many a pretty play and toy
For thee at my home:
Pied flowers are springing on the strand;
My mother, she, too,
Shall weave thee dresses gay and grand
Of a goldbright hue.”

THE SON.

“ List! father, list!—the Alder-King's
Words creep on mine ear—
He whispers me such wileful things!
O! dost thou not hear?”

THE FATHER.

“ Peace, peace, my darling child!—be still!
Thy hearing deceives.
The wind at midnight whistles shrill
Through the shrunken leaves.”

THE SPECTRE.

“ My charming babe ! dost hear me call ?
Come hither to me !
Come, and my pretty daughters all
Shall wait upon thee ;
And they and thou so merrily
Shall dance and shall leap ;
They'll play with thee and sing for thee,
And rock thee asleep.”

THE SON.

“ O, father, look !—O, father mine !
Descrnest thou not
His daughters ? Look !—their garments shine
From yon gloomy spot !”

THE FATHER.

“ My son ! my son ! thou dost but rave ;
All night in that way
One sees the long-armed willows wave
So ancient and grey.”

THE SPECTRE.

“ Sweet child ! I love thy comely shape,
So come ! come away !

Nay ! nay ! thou shalt not thus escape ;
I'll make thee obey."

THE SON.

"Ha, father ! ha !—the Alder-King—
He grasps me so tight !
Father ! I've suffered some bad thing
From his hand to-night."

The father, shuddering, swiftly rides
O'er the lightless wild,
And closelier in his mantle hides
The terrified child.
With toil and pain he nears the gate,
And reins in his horse—
Unhappy father !—'tis too late !
In thine arms is a corse !

A Song from the Coptic.

Quarrels have long been in vogue among sages ;

Still, though in many things wranglers and rancorous,
All the philosopher-scribes of all ages

Join, *unâ voce*, on one point to anchor us.

Here is the gist of their mystified pages,

Here is the wisdom we purchase with gold—

Children of Light, leave the world to its mulishness,

Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness ;

Berries were bitter in forests of old.

Hoary old Merlin, that great necromancer,

Made me, a student, a similar answer,

When I besought him for light and for lore :

Toiler in vain ! leave the world to its mulishness,

Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness ;

Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.

And on the ice-crested heights of Armenia,

And in the vallies of broad Abyssinia,

Still spake the Oracle just as before :

Wouldst thou have peace, leave the world to its mulishness,

Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness ;

Beetles were blind in the ages of yore.

Another Coptic Song.

Go !—but heed and understand
This my last and best command :
Turn thine Youth to such advantage
As that no reverse shall daunt Age.
Learn the serpent's wisdom early ;
And condemn what Time destroys ;
Also, wouldst thou creep or climb,
Chuse thy rôle, and chuse in time,
Since the scales of Fortune rarely
Shew a liberal equipoise.

*Thou must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop ;
Thou must either serve or govern,
Must be slave, or must be sovereign ;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge.*

An Irish Lamentation.

O! raise the woeful *Pillalu*,
And let your tears in streams be shed ;
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !
The Master's eldest hope is dead !

Ere broke the morning dim and pale
The owlet flapped his heavy wing ;
We heard the winds at evening wail,
And now our dirge of death we sing,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !

Why wouldst thou go ? How couldst thou die ?
Why hast thou left thy parents dear ?
Thy friends, thy kindred far and nigh,
Whose cries, *mo vrone !* thou dost not hear ?
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !

Thy mother, too !—how could she part
From thee, her darling fair and sweet,
The heart that throbbed within her heart,
The pulse, the blood that bade it beat ?
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !

Oh ! lost to her and all thy race,
 Thou sleepest in the House of Death ;
 She sees no more thy cherub face,
 She drinks no more thy violet breath ;
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !

By strand and road, by field and fen,
 The sorrowing clans come thronging all ;
 From camp and dun, from hill and glen,
 They crowd around the castle wall.
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !

From East and West, from South and North,
 To join the funeral train they hie ;
 And now the mourners issue forth,
 And far they spread the keening cry,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !

Then raise the woeful *Pillalu*,
 And let your tears in streams be shed,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !
 The Chieftain's pride, his heir, is dead.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

[One night in 1748 KLOPSTOCK was seated alone in his room in the University of Lelpsic. He was deeply immersed in meditation on the Past and the Future. Suddenly a thought, isolated and dreary in its character, appears to have taken possession of his mind. He fancied that some unknown individual had been reft by death of his nearest and dearest, of all his friends and his beloved, and so stood alone in the world. Involuntarily his imagination called up and marshalled before him the Appearances of the Departed. They came, a shrouded and shadowy groupe, and surrounded the Living Man; and then it was that the poet, as he earnestly contemplated them, found that he had suffered a forfeiture of his proper identity; for he himself was now that other Man, and the Appearances he gazed on wore the forms and lineaments of his own literary friends. The vision lasted but a brief while, and when the spell was broken, KLOPSTOCK started as from a dream; but so vivid was the impression that remained with him; that he ever afterwards regarded what he had seen as a kind of pictorial revelation, a prophetic figure-history of his own destiny. We are now to fancy him over a flask of wine with his fellow-student Johann Arnold Ebert. With every glass their gaiety grows wilder and wilder. Suddenly KLOPSTOCK covers his face with his hands: the recollection of his vision has intervened, and brings with it gloom and anguish.]

To Ebert.

Ebert, Ebert, my friend! Here over the darkbright wine
A horrible phantasy masters me!
In vain thou shewest me where the chaliceglasses shine,
In vain thy words ring cheerily:

I must aside and weep—if haply my weeping may

Assuage this agony of distress.

O, tears! in pity Nature blent you with human clay,

To mitigate human wretchedness ;

For, were your fountain uplocked, and you forbidden to
flow,

Could Man sustain his sorrows an hour ?

Then let me aside and weep : this thought of dolour and
woe

Struggles within me with giant power.

O, Ebert! if all have perished, and under shroud and
pall

Lie still and voiceless in Death's abyss—

If thou and I be the lone and withered survivors of all ?

Art not thou, also, speechless at this ?

Glazes not horror thine eye ? Glares it not blank with-
out soul ?

So from mine, too, departed the light,

When first this harrowing phantom over the purple
bowl

Struck my spirit with thundermight.

Sudden as when a wanderer, hastening home to the faces

That circle with smiles his joyous hearth,

To his blooming offspring and spouse, whom already in
thought he embraces,

By the tempest-bolt is felled to the earth,
Deathstricken, so that his bones are blasted to blackest
ashes,

The while in triumph is heard to roll
The booming thunder though Heaven, so suddenly
flashed, so flashes

This vision athwart my shuddering soul,
Deadening the might of mine arm, and darkening the
light of mine eyes,
And shrivelling the flesh of my heart with despair.

O! in the depth of the Night I saw the Death-Pageant
arise!

And—Ebert!—the souls of our friends were there.
O! in the depths of the Night I saw the Graves laid
bare!

Around me thronged the immortal Band!

When gentle GISEKE's eye no longer its lustre shall
wear;

When faithful CRAMER, lost to our land,

Shall moulder in dust : when the words that GAERTNER
and RABNER have spoken

Shall only be echoed through years in distance ;
When every sweetlysounding chord shall be ruefully
broken

In the noble GELLERT's harmonious existence ;
When his early companions of pleasure young ROTHE,
the social and bright,

Shall meet on the charnel chamber-floor,
And when from a longer exile¹ ingenious SCHLEGEL shall
write

To the cherished friends of his youth no more ;
When for SCHMIDT, the beloved and evanished, these
weariful eyes shall weep

No longer their wonted affectionate rain ;
When HAGEDORN at last in our Father's bosom shall
sleep ;

Oh, Ebert ! what then are We who remain ?
What but Woe-consecrated, whom here a dreary doom
Has left to mourn for those that are gone ?
If then one of us should die (Behold how my thought of
gloom

Further and darklier hurries me on !)

If then, of us, one should die, and **ONE** alone should
survive—

And oh, should that sad survivor be I—

If she, the unknown Beloved, with whom I am destined
to wive,

If she, too, under the mould should lie !

If I be the Only, the Lonely, the earth's companionless
One,

Oh, answer ! Shalt thou, my undying soul,
For friendship created, shalt thou preserve thy feeling
and tone,

In the days that then may vacantly roll?
Or shalt thou, in slumberful stupor, imagine that Day-
light is passed,

And the reign of the Night has begun for thee ?
Haply ! but shouldst thou upstart, oh, immortal spirit
at last,

And feel all the weight of thy misery,
Wilt thou not, suffering spirit, in agony shriekingly call
To the sepulchres where thy Sleepers are—

“ Oh ! ye graves of my Dead ! Ye tombs of my dearest
ones all !

Why are ye severed apart so far ?

Why not rather ingrouped in the blossomy valleys
yonder,

Or clustered in groves, and flowercrowned?

Guide an expiring old man! With faltering feet will I
wander

And plant upon every hallowed mound

A cypress-tree, beneath whose yet undarkening shade

May rest my happier daughters and sons,

And oft through its boughs at night shall stand before
me pourtrayed

The effigies of my immortal ones!

Till, worn with weeping, I too shall finally join those
immortals ;

Then, oh ! Grave, beside which I shall be !

Grave over which I shall die!—I call on thee—open thy
portals,

And hide for ever my tears and me !”

Horrible dream ! from which, as in chains, I struggle to
waken,

Terrible as the Judgment-hour,

And as Eternity solemn ! My spirit, appalled and shaken,

Can wrestle no longer against thy power.

To Giseke, on his departure from College.

Go! I stifle my grief—Adieu to thee, friend! Though
tears

May without shame be shed by the manliest natures,
yet go!

Were I to weep for thee now, alas! to my latest years

My tears as a drainless fountain for ever and ever
should flow!

For so All shall sever from All in this hollow Valley of
Mourning,

One away after another, departing and never returning.
*So doth imperial Death the bride and her bridegroom
sunder.*

*Groaningly sinks the man into the tempest wave,
While snows are drearily drifting above the woman, who,
under*

*Carcases, wrecks, and sands, found on the beach her
grave!*

*So sleep the ashes of Homer far, far from where Milton's
bones*

*Lie whitening day after day in the stillness of sweltering
noon:*

*Never, oh ! never shall mingle the widely-divided tones
Of the dirgewinds over their graves, where cypress-leaves
are strewn.*

So wrote the Eternal I AM the doom of each and of all
On walls of marble and brass, and hung the curtaining
pall

Of fathomless mystery, and inviolate silence before it—
Blest be the will of the Highest! Low in the dust I
adore it.

Go, my beloved companion ! The friends thou wilt
leave so lonely

Tearlessly, even as I, perchance may behold thee go—
Unless they silently weep the tears of the sick soul
only,

Tears that strangers to friendship and generous thought
cannot know.

Tarry not longer, my friend ! but hasten from hence to
renew

Thy friendship with HAGEDORN ; and when thou en-
joyest the bliss

Of meeting that excellent man—O ! wilt thou assure
him of this—

That, warm as thy love for him is, mine own is as warm
for him too !

Early Graves.

I welcome thee, silvery Moon,
Lovely, lonely Queen of the Summer-night !
Friend of Thought, wilt thou flee ? Ah, return to me
soon !
Lo, she abides !—the cloud alone passes from sight.

Than Night in the Summer-time
Nought is diviner, save the awaking of May,
When she comes o'er the hills from her own orient clime,
Dews begemming, like Light, her locks all the bright way.

Alas, on your graves, ye True,
Already tall weeds and wild flowers intertwine !
Oh, how blest felt I once, while as yet I with you
Saw the Day redden at dawn, saw the starry Night
shine !

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

The Fair and Faithless One of Grailov.

Unto Grailov's town Moostafa-Shem
Māhmud Pasha, the redoubted warrior,
Marched in thunder. He threw down the barrier
Of its brazen gates, and trampled them
Into dust. And, at the sunset hour,
Forty of his Agas ate white bread
In the Hospodár of Grailov's tower ;
And, when they had eaten much, they said,
"Allah akbar !—let us have some water
Brought in crystal vases !" But none other
Understood their Scytho-Turkish words
Save the Hospodár's majestic daughter ;—
And the Hospodár's majestic daughter,
Turning to her mother, called out, "Mother !
Water, quickly, for these Moslem lords !"

And the water came in crystal vases ;
And all drank except the young Abássiz.
He drank not ; but, turning tow'nds the mother,
Said, " May Allah bless thee, courteous dame !
Would I were thy lovely daughter's brother !
Will she greet me by a fonder name,
That of husband ?" And the mother spake,
" If thou jest not, princely Kapitaun,
I feel sorry for thy noble sake,
But my daughter has been plighted long
Unto Carlodzniep of Orlovaun,
Whose hot blood would burn beneath a wrong.
Three new suits of scarlet silk he gave her,
Three deep coffers full of yellow gold,
Three rare diamonds glorious to behold,
Gems whose lustre lends our night-saloon
Radiance brighter than the sun's at noon ;
All these gifts her generous lover gave her,
Wherefore, Aga, spare thy flattering speech,
For this fruit hangs high beyond thy reach ;
Maiden once betrothèd may not waver."

Sorrow sank like lead into the core
Of Abássiz' heart. He said no more,

Said no more, and closed no eye that night,
But, with Morning's palest blush of light,
Up he rose, and, sighing deeply, went
Straightway to the Pasha Mähmud's tent;
And his words were, "Mighty Lord and Master,
 May Your Highness reign a thousand years !
 Lo ! a maiden, whose bright eyes are spears,
Paulinell, the fair-as-alabaster
Daughter of Smolensk, the Hospodár,
 Who transcendeth every damsel here,
As the moon outshines each paler star,
Speaks our language with a silver tongue,
 Yet hath been affianced many a year
 Unto Carlodzniep of Orlovaun !
Will Your Highness tolerate such wrong,
 While one Moslem sword remains undrawn ?"

Thus he spake, made mad by Love's disease ;
 So the Pasha, on the self-same day,
 Bade be called Smolensk, the Hospodár,
And the Pasha's words to him were these,
 " Allah kérím ! What is this they say ?
 So thou hast a daughter, Hospodár,
Who transcendeth every maid beside,

As the moon outshines each paler star?—
It is well! Thy child shall be my bride!"

Spake the noble father in reply,

“Beautiful my daughter is, in truth,

Beautiful and gentle as the fawn;

But her hand is not for thee to buy:

Promised is she to the gallant youth,

Carlodzniep, the Lord of Orlovaun.

Three new suits of scarlet silk he gave her,

Three deep coffers full of yellow gold,

Three rare diamonds glorious to behold,

Gems whose lustre lends our night-saloon

Radiance brighter than the sun's at noon.

All these gifts her generous lover gave her,

Wherefore, Pasha, spare thy flattering speech,

For this fruit hangs high beyond thy reach;

Maiden once betrothèd must not waver.”

Silently the Pasha heard the father,

Silently he heard him to the end;

Museful then, as one who seeks to gather

In his wandering thoughts, he stood, but soon

Looking up, spake thus, “Well, then, my friend,

Hearken calmly: I must ask a boon.

As thy daughter's heart may still be free,
Fetch her hither with her lordly lover,
So shall thou and I anon discover
Which the maiden chooseth, him or me."

There he stopped. The father, sad in soul,
Went his way. The gloomiest bodings crept
O'er his upright mind ; and, ere he slept,
Sent he off to Carlodzniep a scroll—
"Health and Honour ! Be alert, my son,
Else the Pasha robs thee of the bride
Thou hast fondly wooed and fairly won !
Rise with Morning's dawn and come to me :
Thou and I and Paulinell must ride
Over to the Pasha's tent, and there
Shall the maiden's own true lips declare
Which her heart preferreth, him or thee."

He to whom this warning word was written,
Carlodzniep, the Lord of Orlovaun,
Slept not all that night, but, with the dawn,
Fiercely bounding, like a frenzy-smitten
Man, upon his deathblack barb, he rode
Till he reached the Hospodár's abode,

And, before the noontide hour went by,
Stood beside the maiden and her sire
In the Pasha's tent,—a strange dusk fire
Flashing at each moment from his eye.

Brief the Pasha's words were, frank and brief :

“ Fairest maiden in this northern land,
Lo ! two suitors for thy heart and hand,
One a Servian,—one an Othman, Chief,
Carlodzniep and I. Thy will is free.

Choose, then, maiden, either one or other :
Choose whiche'er thou willest, him or me.”

And the maiden (her manœuvring mother
Having schooled her overnight) at once
In unfaltering accents made response—

“ Rather this green grass with thee, my lord,
Rather thee with only wheat and milk,
Than red wines and beds of damask silk
With a husband of my heart abhorred !”

Here was perfidy ! The lightning-blood
Froze within the young man's breast and brain
As he listened. For a space he stood
Marble-motionless. But, soon again

All the warrior's pride re-nerved his heart,
And he spake, "False girl! Thus, then, we part!
For this base betrayal was I born!
Be it so!—thy meed is henceforth Scorn.
Were thine hand mine trebly I would spurn it
As a foul, polluted, leprous thing.
Give me back my presents!—that gold ring
On thy finger once was mine: return it!
I would leave thee fetterless and free
In thy bargain—and thine infamy!"

And the maiden, without word or look,
Yielding, slavelike, to the stern command,
Without love, or hate, or anger, took
Off the ring and held it out,—when, lo!
Carlodzniep, with one swift sabre-blow,
Severed from her arm that guilty hand!
And then spake, with calm, but hollow, tone—
"Pasha! *I* have taken what was mine—
Now take *thou* the remnant—it is thine—
Justice metes to every one his own."

Wrathful was the Pasha. "What!" he cried,
"Wretch!—thou sheddest blood at my Deewaun?"

Mount thy charger! Thou and I must ride
Forth to instant combat!" So they rode,
Mähmud and the Lord of Orlovaun,
Out upon the upland. Nor abode
Long in doubt the issue of the strife,
For the Moslem, in his prime of life,
Perished by the arm of Carlodzniep,
Whose avenging sabre then and there
Clave both man and saddle. But the slayer
Never more was known to smile,—or weep.

The Brother and the Sister.

In a winding dell, thick-sown with flowers,
Often played together through the hours
Of the live-long sunny Summer's day,
Two most lovely children, one a boy,
One a girl, a sister and a brother ;
And along with them did ever play
Innocence, and Gracefulness, and Joy.

Here there stood an image of the Mother
Of our Blessèd Saviour, with her Child
In her arms, who always looked and smiled
On the playmates: And their own dear mother
One day told them, after they had played,
Who the smiling little Infant was ;
How He was the mighty God, who made
Sun, and Moon, and Earth, and the green grass,
And themselves ; and, when she saw them moved
With deep reverence, and their childish mirth
Hushed, she told them how this God had loved
Little children when He dwelled on Earth,

And that now in Heaven he loved them still.

And the little girl said, "I and brother

Both love GOD : will he love us, too, mother ?"

And the mother said, "If you be good He will."

So, upon another time, a bland,

Bright, soft, Summer-evening, as the fair

Children sat together hand-in-hand,

One said to the other, ('twas the boy

To the girl,) "Oh, if the dear God there

Would come down to us ! There's not a toy

In our house but I would give to him."

And the girl said, "I would cull him all

Pretty flowers." "And I would climb the tall

Trees," the boy said, "till the day grew dim,

And would gather fruits for him." And thus

Each sweet child did prattle to the other,

Till the sun sank low behind the hill,

And both, running, then sought out their mother,

And cried out together, "Mother !—will

GOD come down some day and play with us?"

Gently spake the mother in rebuke

Of their babble; but it bore a deep

Meaning in the eternal Minutebook ;

For, one night, soon after, in her sleep,
She beheld the Infant-Saviour playing
With her children, and she heard Him saying,
“ How shall I requite you for the flowers
And the fruits you would have given me? Thee,
Brother, will I take along with me,
To my Father’s many-mansioned Home,
And will guide thee to luxuriant bowers,
Where bloom fruits unknown on Earth beneath ;
And to thee, my sister, will I come
On thy bridal-day, and with a wreath
Of celestial flowers adorn thy brow,
And will bless thy nuptials, so that thou
Shalt have children good and innocent even
As my Father’s angels are in Heaven.”

And the mother woke, and prayed with tears,
“ Oh, my God! my Saviour! spare my son!
Spare him to console my waning years,
If thou canst ! If not, Thy will be done !”

And the will of God was done. The boy
Sickened soon and died. But, ere he died

Those about him saw his countenance
Lighted up with gloriousness and joy
Inexpressible; for, by his side
He beheld (rapt all the while in trance,
As his mother noticed,) a young Child
Brighter than the sun and beauteous as
God Himself!

Year after year did pass,
And at length her twentieth Summer smiled
On the maiden with her wedding-day;
But, behold!—as she knelt down to pray
At the altar, heavenly radiance beamed
Round her, and she saw, as though she dreamed,
Him, her childhood's Infant-Saviour, reaching
Her a wreath of brilliant flowers, with some
Dark ones intermixed: a symbol, teaching
Her what hue the years that were to come
Should assume for her. And truly, she
Spent a life of peace and blessedness,
Mingled with such mild adversity
That she rather wished it more than less.

The Erl-King's Daughter.**A DANISH BALLAD.**

Sir Olf rode fast towards Thurlston's walls,
To meet his bride in his father's halls.

He saw blue lights flit over the graves;
The Elves came forth from their forest-caves.

They danced anear on the glossy strand,
And the Erl-King's Daughter held out her hand.

"O, welcome, Sir Olf, to our jubilee!
Step into the circle and dance with me."

"I dare not dance, I dare not stay;
To-morrow will be my nuptial-day."

"Two golden spurs will I give unto thee,
And I pray thee, Sir Olf, to tarry with me."

"I dare not tarry, I dare not delay,
To morrow is fixed for my nuptial-day."

"Will give thee a shirt so white and fine,
Was bleached yestreen in the new moonshine."

"I dare not hearken to Elf or Fay;
To-morrow is fixed for my nuptial-day."

"A measure of gold will I give unto thee,
And I pray thee, Sir Olf, to dance with me."

"The measure of gold I will carry away,
But I dare not dance, and I dare not stay."

"Then, since thou wilt go, even go with a blight !
A true-lover's token I leave thee, Sir Knight."

She lightly struck with her wand on his heart,
And he swooned and swooned from the deadly smart.

She lifted him up on his coal-black steed ;
"Now hie thee away with a fatal speed !"

Then shone the moon, and howled the wolf,
And the sheen and the howl awoke Sir Olf.

He rode over mead, he rode over moor,
He rode till he rode to his own house-door.

Within sate, white as the marble, his bride,
But his greyhaired mother stood watching outside.

“My son, my son, thou art haggard and wan;
Thy brow is the brow of a dying man.”

“And haggard and wan I well may be,
For the Erl-King’s Daughter hath wounded me.”

“I pray thee, my son, dismount and bide:
There is mist on the eyes of thy pining bride.”

“O, mother, I should but drop dead from my steed;
I will wander abroad for the strength I need.”

“And what shall I tell thy bride, my son,
When the morning dawns and the tiring is done?”

“O, tell my bride that I rode to the wood,
With my hound in leash and my hawk in hood.”

When morning dawned with crimson and grey,
The bride came forth in her wedding array.

They poured out mead, they poured out wine:
“Now, where is thy son, O, goldmother mine?”

“ My son, goldddaughter, rode into the wood,
With his hounds in leash and his hawk in hood.”

Then the bride grew sick with an ominous dread—
“ O, woe is me, Sir Olf is dead.”

She drooped like a lily that feels the blast,
She drooped, and drooped, till she died at last.

They rest in the charnel side by side,
The stricken Sir Olf and his faithful bride.

But the Erl-King's Daughter dances still,
When the moonlight sleeps on the frosted hill.

CHRISTOPH AUGUST TIEDGE.

Forget Me Not.

TO MARIANNE.

Forget me not, Beloved ! when, far and far away,
I float, a leaf, along the world's wide sea :
When flowers bestrew thy path and zephyrs round thee
play
Let that fond heart of thine remember me.
The roses nigh thy window-cells will blow ;
The morning sun will shine, the evening stars will
glow ;
The moon's blue beams will tremble on the grot,
And I afar. Forget me not !
Forget me not when in the gorgeous hall
Thy light steps move where Youth and Beauty bloom ;
Forget me never when the curtain-pall
Of Eve shall robe thy lonesome bower in gloom.

When, Heaven's dim veil uprolled, the starry kingdom
gleams,

And when thy spirit soars and mingles with its beams,
I too shall glance above, and this shall be my thought—

Loved Marianne, Forget me not !

Forget me not when Spring is newly flowering,

When Nature, garland-crowned, speaks with divinest
voice,

And strikes thine eye with loveliness o'erpowering,

And bids thy gentle spirit in its depths rejoice.

Forget me not when Summer-days draw nigh,

When, like so many fragments of the mild blue sky,

Young violets shall whisper from each bowery spot,

“Forget me not ! Forget me not !”

Forget me not when Memory sweetly lingers

On that loved haunt, by both remembered well,

The spot where first I touched thy fairy fingers—

Remember, Marianne, the darkling pine-tree dell !

What happiness was mine when first I pressed

Thy hand, and dared to raise it to a breast

Wherein that warm pulse beats which now dictates this
thought—

“Oh, Marianne, Forget me not !”

Forget me not when sauntering by that lone

Gate which the tall wild weeds encircle wreathingly,

Where oft I hung upon thine every tone

As on the chaliced flowrets hangs the amorous bee :

The echo of thy words then died away in distance,

Not so the soul they breathed—*that* lives in green existence

Deep in a heart with thy dear image fraught—

Then, Marianne, Forget me not !

Where droops the cypress, there my spirit hovers,

Beside that grave which once we loitered nigh.

The pale day sank, too drearily for lovers,

But Holiness and Peace were in thy soul and eye.

The spirit of thy mother blessed thee then, oh, maiden !

Thy heart felt tranquillized, while mine, alas ! was laden

With many a dark foreshadowing of my future lot—

Yet, Marianne, Forget me not !

Rememberest thou the evening ? Thoughts that speech
expresses

So vaguely and so ill were swelling in thy bosom ;

The stirless Autumn airs forebore to woo thy tresses ;

There was no moaning voice that night on flower or
blossom.

The holy cypresses with tear-like dew were wet :
Canst thou, my Marianne, that thrilling hour forget ?
Ah ! then these burning words, too, from thy memory
blot—

“ My Marianne, Forget me not ! ”

What there absorbed my mind and all my mind-born
powers
Shews clear and pure and placid as the enamelled
Night,
Which then shone down upon those consecrated hours,
Hours garnered in my memory as her best delight,
That strong and calm devotion which ennobled Love,
And saved from wronging stain the sacred garland of
Homage I proffered then to Virtue, Truth, and thee—
Then, Marianne, Remember me !

That strong and calm devotion sanctifies me now :
Oh ! ne'er in saintly bosom burned a holier glow
Than mine, when, whitely veiling thy too radiant
brow,
Thou camest, as from Heaven, to illumine dark Earth
below.

Thus hover o'er me still through my long night of years,
And, like a dazzling vision born of loftier spheres,
Hallow the hour in which my last, last sigh shall be,
 "O, Marianne, Remember me!"

Not in the smile—not in the favouring glance—
 Not in the enthralling magic of thy greeting—
Not in that queenly form transcending all romance,
 Which rose where slim young boughs and blossom
 gauze were meeting—
Not in the fascinating graces of thy mien
The enchantment lay ;—the Mind, that melodist unseen,
First woke the chord of Love which now breathes whis-
 peringly—
 " My Marianne, Remember me."

This high existence—this ethereal essence—
 This wonder-sphere of harmonies Elysian,
Whose rays encircle thee with fadeless presence,
 This, only this shall live unwaning in my vision.
There blow those airs of peace whose breath is Paradise,
There virtues, flower-like, breathe rich incense to the skies,
Those skies from whence a voice shall shortly sigh to
 thee—
 " Ah, Marianne, Remember me !".

Peace round thee be! But tenfold woe to those
Who waken anguish in a heart like thine,
A heart like thine, whose every feeling glows
With goodness and benevolence divine :
Who shall debar me from the throne I claim
In that exalted Heaven? Ah! might my noteless
name
Be with this lay of love before thy memory brought !
My Marianne, Forget me not !

Here, underneath the greenery of the vine,
My hand and heart have reared a monument to
thee !
Here oft I sweetly dream, oft sadly pine,
But all my thoughts are born for Immortality,
For they are all of thee ; and Lethe shall not sweep
Such treasure to her caves, and least of all that deep
And everburning wish wherewith my soul is fraught—
Oh, Marianne, Forget me not !

Still fair, still fragrant live the white flowers wreathed
Around my temples by thy whiter hand,
What time thou sawest from this fond bosom breathed
The emotion I no longer could command,

And sawest it in the cheek that redly glowed,
And sawest it in the tears that hotly flowed,
Blest tears! which more than Speech and more than lyre
have taught;

Then, Marianne, Forget me not!

By all those things, the dell, the glorious hill,
The brilliant flowers we gathered on its peak,
The winds that played among thy locks at will,
And wantoned with the roses on thy cheek,
By the decaying sunset's latest look of love,
Which lifted thy pure heart in voiceless prayer above,
And by my last Farewell, if in its tones lay aught,
I call on thee—Forget me not!

By the faint echoes borne from that sweet time
When every glowing day slept in a lair of flowers,
By all those reminiscences sublime
That float like bright-haired shadows from Elysian
bowers,
By all thou art and wert, by all thy faith and feeling,
By that deep humbleness which, studiously concealing
Its own imperial worth, twines wreaths for others ever,
I call on thee—Forget me never!

And when, at eve, thou wanderest down the glen,
What time the boding night-bird chants his lay of
death,
Ah! then, perchance, and for the last time then,
These lips shall bless thy name with faltering breath;
Then, when the winds shall waft the tidings on their
wings,
And the dark pine-trees round thee groan, like living
things,
Then wilt thou feel my heart hath broken with this
thought—
“Loved Marianne, Forget me not!”

The Field of Kunnersdorf.²

Day is exiled from the Land of Twilight ;
Leaf and flower are drooping in the wood,
And the stars, as on a dark-stained skylight,
Glass their ancient glory in the flood.
Let me here, where night-winds through the yew sing,
Where the moon is chary of her beams,
Consecrate an hour to mournful musing
Over Man and Man's delirious dreams.
Pines and yews ! envelope me in deeper,
Dunner shadow, sombre as the grave,
While with moans, as of a troubled sleeper,
Gloomily above my head ye wave
Let mine eye look down from hence on yonder
Battle-plain, which Night in pity dulls ;
Let my sad imagination ponder
Over Kunnersdorf, that Place of Sculls !

Dost thou reillumine those wastes, O, Summer ?
Hast thou raised anew thy trampled bowers ?
Will the wild bee come again a hummer
Here, within the houses of thy flowers ?

Can thy sunbeams light, thy mild rains water
This Aceldema, this *human* soil,
Since that dark day of redundant slaughter
When the blood of men flowed here like oil?
Ah, yes!—Nature, and thou, God of Nature,
Ye are ever bounteous! Man alone,
Man it is whose frenzies desolate your
World, and make it in sad truth his own.

Here saw Frederick fall his bravest warriors—
Master of *thy* World, thou wert too great!
Heaven had need to establish curbing-barriers
'Gainst thine irroads on the World of Fate.
Oh, could all thy coronals of splendor
Dupe thy memory of that ghastly day?
Could the Graces, could the Muses³ render
Smooth and bright a corse-o'ercovered way?
No! the accusing blood-beads ever trickle
Down each red leaf of thy chaplet-crown:—
Men fell here as corn before the sickle,
Fell to aggrandise thy false renown!
Here the veteran dropped beside the springald;
Here sank Strength and Symmetry in line:
Here crushed Hope and gasping Valor mingled;
And, Destroyer, the wild work was thine!

Whence is then this destiny funereal?

What this Tide of Being's flow and ebb?

Why rends Death at will the fine material

Of Existence's divinest web?

Vainly ask we ! Dim age calls to dim age;

Answer, save an echo, cometh none :

Here stands Man, of Life-in-Death an image,

There, invisibly, the LIVING ONE !

Storm-clouds lour and muster in the Distance ;

Girt with wrecks by sea and wrecks by land,

Time, upon the far Shore of Existence,

Counts each wave-drop swallowed by the sand.

Generation chases generation, .

Down-bowed by the all-worn, *unworn* yoke :—

No cessation and no explication !—

Birth—*Life*—Death !—the Silence, *Flash*, and

Smoke !

Here, then, Frederick, formidable sovereign !

Here, in presence of these whitened bones,

Swear at length to cherish Peace, and govern

So that men may learn to reverence thrones !

O, repudiate blood-bought fame, and hearken
To the myriad witness-voicèd Dead,
Ere the Sternness shall lay down, to darken
In the Silentness, thy crownless head !
Shudder at the dire phantasmagory
Of the slain, who perished here through thee ;
And abhor all future wreaths of glory
Gathered from the baleful cypress-tree !

Lofty souls disdain or dread the laurel :
Hero is a mad exchange for *Man* :
Adders lurk in green spots : such the moral
Taught by History since her schools began.
Cæsar slain, the victim of his trophies,
Bajazet expiring in his cage,
All the Cæsars, all the sabre-Sophies,
Preach the self-same homily each age.
One drugged wine-cup dealt with Alexander ;
And his satraps scarce had shared afresh
Half the empires of the World-commander
Ere the charnel-worms had shared his flesh !

Though the rill roll down from Life's green Mountain,
Bright through festal dells of youthful days,

Soon the water of that glancing fountain

In the vale of years must moult its rays.

There the pilgrim on the bridge that, bounding

Life's domain, frontiers the wold of Death,

Startled, for the first time hears resounding

From Eternity, a voice that saith,—

ALL WHICH IS NOT PURE SHALL MELT AND WITHER.

Lo ! THE DESOLATOR'S ARM IS BARE,

AND WHERE MAN IS, TRUTH SHALL TRACE HIM THITHER,

BE HE CURTAINED ROUND WITH GLOOM OR GLARE.'

LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HOELTY.

The Aged Landman's Advice to his Son.

O ! cherish Faith and Truth, till Death
Shall claim thy forfeit clay,
And wander not one finger's breadth
From God's appointed way ;
So shall thy pilgrim pathway be
O'er flowers that brightly bloom ;
So shalt thou, rich in hope and free
From terror face the tomb ;
Then wilt thou handle spade and scythe,
With joyous heart and soul ;
Thy water-jug shall make thee blithe
As brimming purple bowl.

All things but work the sinner woe,
For, do his worst or best,

The devil drives him to and fro,
And never lets him rest.
Him glads no Spring, no sky outrolled,
No mellow, yellow field ;
His one sole good and god is gold ;
His heart is warped and steeled ;
The winds that blow, the streams that flow,
Affright the craven slave ;
Peace flies him, and he does not know
Rest even in his grave !

For he, when spectral midnight reigns,
Must burst each coffin-band,
And as a pitch-black dog in chains
Before his house-door stand.
The spinners, who with wheel on arm
Belated home repair,
Will quake, and cross themselves from harm
To see the monster there ;
And every spinning-crone of this
Terrific sight will tell,
And wish the villain in the abyss
And fire of hottest hell.

Old Grimes was all his life a hound,
A genuine devil's brand ;
He counter-ploughed his neighbours' ground ;
And robbed them of their land :
Now, fire-clad, see him plough with toil
The same land everywhere,
Upturning all night long the soil,
With white-hot burning share :
Himself like blazing straw-sheaf burns
Behind the glowing plough ;
And so he burns and so upturns,
Till Morning bares her brow.

The baillie who, without remorse,
Shot stags and fleeced the poor,
With one grim dog, on fiery horse,
Hunts nightly o'er the moor ;
Oft, as a rugged-coated bear,
He climbs a gnarlèd pole ;
Oft, as a goat, must leave his lair,
And through the hamlet stroll.

The riot-loving priest who crammed
His chests with ill-got gold,

Still haunts the chancel, black and damned,
Each night when twelve has tolled ;
He howls aloud with dismal yells,
That startle aisle and fanes,
Or in the vestry darkly tells
His church-accursèd gains.

The squire who drank and gamed pell-mell
The helpless widow's all,
Now driven along by blasts from Hell,
Goes coached to Satan's ball ;
His blue frock, dipped in Hell's foul font,
With sulphur-flames is lined ;
One devil holds the reins in front,
Two devils ride behind.

Then, Son ! be just and true till Death
Shall claim thy forfeit clay ;
And wander not one finger's breadth
From God's revealèd way.
So shall warm tears bedew in showers
The grass above thy head,
And lilies and all odorous flowers,
O'erarch thy last low bed.

Song exciting to Gladness.

O! who to fretful thoughts and wasting cares would
hearken

So long as Youth's bright blossoms bloom?

Who in the fairy halls of Youth and Hope would darken

A sunny brow by folds of gloom?

Joy stands, and smiles, and beckons with alluring finger,

On all the pathways Life discloses;

And ever where a crossroad bids the Pilgrim linger

She crowns him with her wreath of roses.

The stream, the meadowstream, still bubbles fresh and
sprightly,

Still blushes all the dell with flowers;

The moon, the vestal moon, is beaming now as brightly

As when she silvered Adam's bowers.

The wine, the chaliced wine, still sheds its purple splen-
dour

On souls that droop in Grief's eclipse;

And in the rosy glen is still as fond and tender

The kiss from pure Affection's lips.

And still, as twilight dies, the heart of Youth rejoices,
Forgetting Pain and even Despair,
When trilling through the grove the neverweary voices
Of nightingales enchant the air.
O Earth! how fair thou art while Youth is yet in blossom!
How bright, how lovely is thy brow!
I wish this bounding heart may wither in my bosom,
When I shall love thee less than now!

The Grave-digger's Chant.

Dig, dig, my spade !
Whate'er these hands have made
 Good spade, I owe to thee !
Rich folk and poor
Throng in at my dark door,
 Come late or soon to me.

Yon yellow skull
Shewed once a beautiful
 But haughty brow and lip ;
Yon thing of bones
Left kings and courts and thrones
 For reptile fellowship !

This head with hair
Was that of one too fair
 To linger long on Earth :
Love, Beauty, Grace,
Beamed from her angel face,
 And smiles and sunny mirth.

Ah, gone, and gone !
We wither one by one,
 As Autumn-leaves decay,
Old, Young, and all ;
Yet, whensoever we fall,
 Life seemeth but a day !

Dig, then, my spade !
Whate'er these hands have made,
 Good spade, I owe to thee !
Rich folk and poor
Must knock at my dark door,
 Must one day come to me.

Strew the Way with Flowers.

Oh, strew the way with rosy flowers,
And dupe with smiles thy grief and gloom,
For tarnished leaves and songless hours
Await thee in the tomb.
Lo! in the brilliant festal hall
How lightly Youth and Beauty tread!
Yet, gaze again—the grass is tall
Above their charnel bed!

In blaze of noon the jewelled bride
Before the altar plights her faith:
Ere weep the skies of eventide
Her eyes are dulled in death!
Then sigh no more—if Life is brief
So are its woes; and why repine?
Pavilioned by the linden leaf
We'll quaff the chaliced wine.

Wild music from the nightingale
Comes floating on the loaded breeze,
To mingle in the bowery vale
With hum of summer bees:

Then taste the joys that God bestows.

The beaded wine, the faithful kiss,
For while the tide of Pleasure flows,
Death bares his black abyss.

In vain the zephyr's breath perfumes

The House of Death—in vain its tones
Shall mourn at midnight round the tombs
Where sleep our blackening bones.

The starbright bowl is broken there,

The witchery of the lute is o'er,
And—wreck of wrecks !—there lie the Fair,
Whose beauty wins no more !

FRIEDRICH RUECKERT.

The Ride round the Parapet.

She said, "I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,"—

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She said, "I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,
When the heart is throbbing sorest there is balsam in the
forest,

There is balsam in the forest for its pain,"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She doffed her silks and pearls, and donned instead her
hunting-gear,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She doffed her silks and pearls, and donned instead her
hunting-gear,

And, till Summertime was over, as a huntress and a rover
Did she couch upon the mountain or the plain,
She, the Lady Eleanora,
Noble Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Returning home agen, she viewed with scorn the tourna-
ments—

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Returning home agen, she viewed with scorn the tourna-
ments ;

She saw the morions cloven and the crowning chaplets
woven,

And the sight awakened only the disdain
Of the Lady Eleanora,
Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

“ My feeling towards Man is one of utter scornfulness,”
Said Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

“ My feeling towards Man is one of utter scornfulness,
And he that would o’ercome it, let him ride around the
summit

Of my battlemented Castle by the Maine,”
Said the Lady Eleanora,
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

So came a knight anon to ride around the parapet,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

So came a knight anon to ride around the parapet,

Man and horse were hurled together o'er the crags that
beetled nether.

Said the Lady, "There, I fancy, they'll remain!"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Queenly Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Then came another knight to ride around the parapet,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then came another knight to ride around the parapet,

Man and horse fell down, asunder, o'er the crags that
beetled under.

Said the Lady, "They'll not leap the leap again!"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Lovely Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Came other knights anon to ride around the parapet,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Came other knights anon to ride around the parapet,

Till six and thirty corsees of both mangled men and horses

Had been sacrificed as victims at the fane

Of the Lady Eleanora,

Stately Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

That woeful year was by, and Ritter none came afterwards

To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

That woeful year was by, and Ritter none came afterwards.

The Castle's lonely basscourt looked a wild o'ergrown-with-grasscourt;

'Twas abandoned by the Ritters and their train

To the Lady Eleanora,

Haughty Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

She clomb the silent wall, she gazed around her sovran-like,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She clomb the silent wall, she gazed around her sovran-like;

"And wherefore have departed all the Brave, the Lion-hearted,

Who have left me here to play the Castellain?"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

"And is it fled for aye, the palmy time of Chivalry?"

Cried Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

“ And is it fled for aye, the palmy time of Chivalry ?
Shame light upon the cravens ! May their corpses gorge
the ravens,

Since they tremble thus to wear a woman's chain !”

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

The story reached at Gratz the gallant Margrave Gondibert

Of Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

The story reached at Gratz the gallant Margrave Gondibert.

Quoth he, “ I trow the woman must be more or less than
human ;

She is worth a little peaceable campaign,

Is the Lady Eleanora,

Is the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !”

He trained a horse to pace round narrow stones laid
merlonwise,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

He trained a horse to pace round narrow stones laid
merlonwise,

“ Good Grey ! do thou thy duty, and this rocky-bosomed
beauty

Shall be taught that all the vauntings are in vain
Of the Lady Eleanora,
Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !”

He left his castle-halls, he came to Lady Eleanor’s,
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.
He left his castle-halls, he came to Lady Eleanor’s.
“ O, lady, best and fairest, here am I,—and, if thou carest,
I will gallop round the parapet amain,
Noble Lady Eleanora,
Noble Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !”

She saw him spring to horse, that gallant Margrave
Gondibert,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She saw him spring to horse, that gallant Margrave
Gondibert,

“ O, bitter, bitter sorrow ! I shall weep for this to-
morrow !

It were better that in battle he were slain,”

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,
The Lady wept and trembled, and her paly face re-
sembled,

As she looked away, a lily wet with rain ;

Hapless Lady Eleanora !

Hapless Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

So rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

So rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,

“ Accurst be my ambition ! He but rideth to perdition,

He but rideth to perdition without rein !”

Wept the Lady Eleanora,

Wept the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Yet rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Yet rode he round and round the battlemented parapet.

Meanwhile her terror shook her—yea, her breath well
nigh forsook her.

Fire was burning in the bosom and the brain

Of the Lady Eleanora,

Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

Then rode he round and off the battlemented parapet

To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and off the battlemented parapet.

“Now blest be God for ever ! This is marvellous ! I never
Cherished hope of laying eyes on thee agayne,”
Cried the Lady Eleanora,
Joyous Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

“The Man of Men thou art, for thou hast fairly conquered
me,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

The Man of Men thou art, for thou hast fairly conquered
me.

I greet thee as my lover, and, ere many days be over,
Thou shalt wed me and be Lord of my domain,”
Said the Lady Eleanora,
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then bowed the graceful knight, the gallant Margrave
Gondibert,

To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then bowed that graceful knight, the gallant Margrave
Gondibert,

And thus he answered coldly, “There be many who as
boldly

Will adventure an achievement they disdain,
For the Lady Eleanora,
For the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

“ Mayest bide until they come, O, stately Lady Eleanor!
O, Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

Mayest bide until they come, O stately Lady Eleanor !
And thou and they may marry, but, for me, I must not
tarry,

I have won a wife already out of Spain,
Virgin Lady Eleanora,
Virgin Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !”

Thereon he rode away, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,
From Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Thereon he rode away, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,
And long in shame and anguish did that haughty Lady
languish,

Did she languish without pity for her pain,
She the Lady Eleanora,
She the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

And year went after year, and still in barren maiden-
hood

Lived Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

And wrinkled Eld crept on, and still her lot was maiden-
hood,

And, woe! her end was tragic; she was changed, at
length, by magic,

To an ugly wooden image, they maintain;

She, the Lady Eleanora,

She, the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

And now, before the gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,
Stands Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Before her castle-gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,

And he that won't salute her must be fined in foaming
pewter,

If a boor—but, if a burgher, in champagne,

For the Lady Eleanora,

Wooden Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

The Dying Flower.

BEING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PASSENGER AND A FADING
VIOLET.

PASSENGER.

“ Droop not, poor flower !—there’s hope for thee :
The Spring again will breathe and burn,
And glory robe the kingly tree,
Whose life is in the sun’s return ;
And once again its buds will chime
Their peal of joy from viewless bells,
Though all the long dark Winter-time
They mourned within their dreary cells.”

FLOWER.

“ Alas ! no kingly tree am I,
No marvel of a thousand years :
I cannot dream a Winter by,
And wake with song when Spring appears.

At best my life is kin to Death ;
 My little all of Being flows
 From Summer's kiss, from Summer's breath,
 And sleeps in Summer's grave of snows."

PASSENGER.

" Yet, grieve not ! Summer may depart,
 And Beauty seek a brighter home,
 But, thou, thou bearest in thy heart
 The germ of many a life to come.
 Mayest lightly reckon of Autumn-storms ;
 Whate'er thine individual doom,
 Thine essence, blent with other forms,
 Will still shine out in radiant bloom !"

FLOWER.

" Yes !—moons will wane, and bluer skies
 Breathe blessing forth for flower and tree ;
 I know that while the Unit dies,
 The Myriad live immortally :
 But shall my soul survive in them ?
 Shall I be all I was before ?
 Vain dream ! I wither, soul and stem,
 I die, and know my place no more !

“ The sun may lavish life on them ;
His light, in Summer morns and eves,
May colour every dewy gem
That sparkles on their tender leaves ;
But this will not avail the Dead :
The glory of his wondrous face
Who now rains lustre on my head,
Can only mock my burial-place !

“ And woe, to me, fond foolish one,
To tempt an all-consuming ray !
To think a flower could love a Sun,
Nor feel her soul dissolve away !
Oh, could I be what once I was,
How should I shun his fatal beam !
Wrapt in myself, my life should pass
But as a still, dark, painless dream !

“ But, vainly in my bitterness
I speak the language of despair :
In life, in death, I still must bless
The sun, the light, the cradling air !

Mine early love to them I gave,
And, now that yon bright orb on high
Illumines but a wider grave,
For them I breathe my final sigh !

“ How often soared my soul aloft
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
When Zephyr came and kissed with soft,
Sweet incense-breath my blushing cheek !
When beauteous bees and butterflies
Flew round me in the summer-beam,
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes
Bent o'er me like a dazzling dream !

“ Ah, yes ! I know myself a birth
Of that All-wise, All-mighty Love,
Which made the flower to bloom on earth,
And sun and stars to burn above ;
And if, like them, I fade and fail,
If I but share the common doom,
Let no lament of mine bewail
My dark descent to Hades' gloom !

“ Farewell, thou Lamp of this green globe!
Thy light is on—my dying face,
Thy glory tints—my faded robe,
And clasps me in—a death-embrace!
Farewell, thou balsam-dropping Spring!
Farewell, ye skies that beam and weep!
Unhoping and unmurmuring,
I bow my head and sink to sleep!”

Nature more than Science.

I have a thousand thousand lays,
Compact of myriad myriad words,
And so can sing a million ways,
Can play at pleasure on the chords
Of tuned harp or heart;
Yet is there one sweet song
For which in vain I pine and long;
I cannot reach that song, with all my minstrel-art.

A shepherd sits within a dell,
O'ercanopied from rain and heat :
A shallow but pellucid well
Doth ever bubble at his feet.
His pipe is but a leaf,
Yet there, above that stream,
He plays and plays, as in a dream,
One air that steals away the senses like a thief.

A simple air it seems in truth,
And who begins will end it soon ;

Yet, when that hidden shepherd-youth
So pours it in the ear of Noon,
Tears flow from those anear.
All songs of yours and mine
Condensed in one were less divine
Than that sweet air to sing, that sweet, sweet air to
hear!

'Twas yesternoon he played it last ;
The hummings of a hundred bees
Were in mine ears, yet, as I passed,
I heard him through the myrtle trees.
Stretched all along he lay,
'Mid foliage half-decayed.
His lambs were feeding while he played,
And sleepily wore on the stilly Summer-day.

Gone in the Wind.

Solomon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.
 Babylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.
 Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the
 Blind,
 Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man ! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy
 mind ?

Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind ;
 Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and
 enshrined,
 Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.
 Babylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.
 All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
 Wins but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the
 wind.

Say, what is Pleasure ? A phantom, a mask undefined ;
 Science ? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind ;

Honour and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath
signed

Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.

Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.

Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!

He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are en-
twined;

Woe to the miners for Truth—where the Lampless have
mined!

Woe to the seekers on earth for—what none ever find!

They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the
wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.

Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.

Happy in death are they only whose hearts have con-
signed

All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor Humankind,

Raving of Knowledge,—and Satan so busy to blind!

Raving of Glory,—like me,—for the garlands I bind
(Garlands of song) are but gathered, and—strewn in the
wind !

Solomon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest ; for my fire hath declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

And Then No More.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more :
'Twas Eden's light on Earth awhile, and then no more.
Amid the throng she passed along the meadow-floor :
Spring seemed to smile on Earth awhile, and then no
more,
But whence she came, which way she went, what garb
she wore,
I noted not ; I gazed awhile, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more .
'Twas Paradise on Earth awhile, and then no more :
Ah ! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore ?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore.
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more !

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more :
Earth looked like Heaven a little while, and then no
more.
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no more.

So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then no more !

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more,
The earth was Peri-land a while, and then no more.
Oh, might I see but once again, as once before,
Through chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no
more !

Death soon would heal my griefs ! This heart, now sad
and sore,

Would beat anew a little while, and then no more !

AUGUST SCHNEZLER.

The Deserted Mill.

It stands in the lonely Winterthal,
At the base of Ilsberg hill ;
It stands as though it fain would fall,
The dark Deserted Mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Bide silent all the day ;
Its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling into decay.

So through the Daylight's lingering hours
It mourns in weary rest ;
But, soon as the sunset's gorgeous bowers
Begin to fade in the west,
The long-dead millers leave their lairs,
And open its creaking doors,
And their feet glide up and down its stairs,
And over its dusty floors.

And the millers' men, they too awake,
And the night's weird work begins :
The wheels turn round, the hoppers shake,
The flour falls into the binns.
The mill-bell tolls agen and agen,
And the cry is, " Grist here, ho !"
And the dead old millers and their men
Move busily to and fro.

And ever as the night wears more and more
New groups throng into the Mill,
And the clangor, deafening enough before,
Grows louder and wilder still.
Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor ;
The wheels redouble their din ;
The hoppers clatter, the engines roar ;
And the flour o'erflows the binn.

But with the Morning's pearly sheen
This ghastly hubbub wanes ;
And the moon-dim face of a woman is seen
Through the meal-dulled window panes.
She opens the sash, and her words resound
In tones of unearthly power—
" Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground ;
Come hither, and take your flour !"

Thereon strange hazy lights appear
A-fitting all through the pile,
And a deep, melodious, choral cheer
Ascends through the roof the while.
But, a moment more, and you gaze and hark
And wonder and wait in vain ;
For suddenly all again is dark,
And all is hushed again.

It stands in the desolate Winterthal,
At the base of Ilsberg hill ;
It stands as though it would rather fall,
The Long-deserted Mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Bide silent all the day ;
And its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling fast away.

The Lily-Maidens.

A POPULAR LEGEND OF THE BLACK FOREST.

Anigh the gloomy Mummel-Zee^a

Do live the palest lilies many :

All day they droop so drowsily,

In azure air and rainy ;

But when the dreamful noon of Night

Rains down on earth its yellow light,

Up spring they, full of lightness,

In Woman's form and brightness.

The sad reeds moan like spirits bound

Along the troubled water's border,

As, hand-with-hand, linked wreathwise round,

The virgins dance in order,

Moonwhite in features as in dress,

Till o'er their phantom huelessness

A warmer colour gushes,

And tints their cheeks with blushes.

Then pipe the reeds a sadder tune ;

The wind raves through the tannen-forest ;

The wolves in chorus bay the moon,

Where glance her grey beams hoarest ;

And round and round the darkling grass
In mazy whirl the dancers pass,
And loudlier boom the billows
Among the reeds and willows.

But see!—the Giant-Elf^o anon
Half rises from the water's bosom,
With streaming beard, and head whereon
Dank weeds for garlands blossom;
And, fiercely lifting towards the strand
A naked arm and clenched hand,
He shouts in tones of thunder
That wake the abysses under!

Then lake and winds and dancers rest :
And, as the water ceases booming,
The Elf cries, "Hence, ye Shapes unblest,
And leave my lilies blooming!"
And lo! the streaky Morn is up,
Dew-diamonds brim each flowret's cup,
And Mummel's lily-daughters
Once more bend o'er his waters.

WILHELM MUELLER.

The Sunken City.

Hark! the faint bells of the Sunken City
Peal once more their wonted evening-chime;
From the Deep's abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean-grave,
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though Death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of Memory's Wonder-city
 Peal for me their old melodious chime :
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
 Sad and pleasant, from the by-gone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-built,
 There lie lost to Daylight's garish beams,
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
 Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams !

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
 From a many a well-known phantom-band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
 Far off in the Spirit's luminous Land !

The Bride of the Dead.

Mother dear, thy happy heart is weetless of my dolour.
Why a wedding-robe for me, and why its purple colour?
This proud purple shall show paler in the daydawn early,
All night long my tears thereon shall fall so fast and
 pearly !

But if Morning's golden sun arise and find me sleeping,
If the robe remain unblanched, for all my weary weeping,
Carl shall come to aid me from his bed below the billow,
And his locks shall steep afresh my purple and my pillow.

For he lies where gentle waters watch as friends above
 him ;

And when these shall whisper him that she who vowed
 to love him

Trembles lest the jealous heart that in his youth he gave her
Now forsake her bosom, he will rise and come to save her.

Mother dear, I go to church—but thence into a far land.
Give my bridegroom only this funereal cypress garland.
All that he shall find will be a maiden's corpse to-morrow
Stretched before the altar where the widows kneel in sorrow.

Flood-day Dreaming.

There danceth adown the mountain
The Child of a lofty race,
A Streamlet fresh from its Fountain
Hies towards the valley apace.

Some fairy hath whispered "Follow!"
And I have obeyed her well:
I thred the Blossomy Hollow
With my pilgrim-staff and shell.

On, on, behold me straying,
And ever beside the stream,
As I list its murmurous playing,
And mark how its wavelets gleam.

Can this be the path I intended?
O, Sorceress! what shall I say?
Thy dazzle and music blended
Have wiled my reason away!

No mortal sounds are winging
Their wonted way along;
Oh, no ! some Naiad is singing
A flattering summer song !

And loudlier doth she flatter,
And loudlier, loudlier still,—
Hark ! hark !—how merrily clatter
The wheels of the village-mill !

FRIEDRICH BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

Vale and Highway.

In a shady dell a Shepherd sate,
And by his side was the fairest mate !
The hearts of both the youth and maiden
With love were laden and overladen.

And, as they spake with tongue and eye,
A weary wandering man rode by ;
A swarthy wayfarer, worn with travel,
Rode wearily over the burning gravel.

“ Down hither, and rest thee, thou Weary One !
Why ride at noon in the scorching sun ?
Rest here in this dell, so cool and darkling
That even the rivulets run unsparkling.

“ And I and the maiden thou seest with me
Will gather the palest flowers for thee,
And weave them into as pale a garland
As wreathes the brow of a fay from Star-land.”

So spake the Shepherd, all cool in the shade,
And thus the Wanderer answer made :
“ Though the way be long and the noon be burning,
I ride unresting and unreturning :

“ For I was false to my vows, and sold
The early love of my heart for gold ;
So dare I seek Rest and Happiness never,
But only Gold for ever and ever !

“ No flowers for me, until Pity's tears
Bedew the few that in after-years
May droop where the winds shall be nightly telling
How low I lie in my last dark dwelling !”

Alexander the Great and the Tree.

The sun is warm, the air is bland,
The heavens wear that stainless blue
Which only in an orient land
The eye of man may view ;
And lo! around, and all abroad,
A glittering host, a mighty horde,
And at their head a demigod,
Who slays with lightning-sword.

The bright noon burns, but idly now
Those warriors rest by vale and hill,
And shadows on their Leader's brow
Seem ominous of ill.
Spell-bound, he stands beside a Tree,
And well he may, for, through its leaves,
Unstirred by wind, come brokenly
Moans, as of one that grieves.

How strange! he thought:—Life is a boon
Given and resumed, but *how*, and *when* ?

But now I asked myself how soon

I should go home agen,

How soon I might again behold

My mourning mother's tearful face—

How soon my kindred might enfold

Me in their dear embrace !

There was an Indian Magian there,

And, stepping forth, he bent his knee.

“ Oh, King !” he said, “ be wise!—beware

This too prophetic tree !”

“ Ha !” cried the King, “ thou knowest, then, Seer,

What yon strange oracle reveals ?”

“ Alas !” the Magian said, “ I hear

Deep words like thunder-peals !

“ I hear the groans of more than Man,

Hear tones that warn, denounce, beseech ;

Hear—woe is me ! how darkly ran

That strain of thrilling speech !

‘ Oh, King,’ it spake, ‘ all-trampling King,

Thou leadest legions from afar,

But, Battle droops his clotted wing,

Night menaces thy star !

“ ‘ Fond visions of thy boyhood’s years
Dawn like dim light upon thy soul ;
Thou seest again thy mother’s tears,
Which Love could not control,
Ah ! thy career in sooth *is* run,
Ah ! thou indeed returnest *home* ;
The Mother waits to clasp her son
Low in her gloomful dome !

“ ‘ Yet, go rejoicing ! He who reigns
O’er Earth alone, leaves worlds unscanned.
Life binds the spirit as with chains ;
Seek thou the Phantom-land !
Leave Conquest all it looks for here—
Leave willing slaves a bloody throne—
Thine henceforth is another sphere—
Death’s realm, the dark Unknown ! ’ ”

The Magian ceased ;—the leaves were hushed,
But wailings broke from all around,
Until the Chief, whose red blood flushed
His cheek with hotter bound,
Spake in the tones of one with whom
Fear never yet had been a guest,

“ And when doth Fate achieve my doom ?
And where shall be my rest ? ”

“ Oh, noble heart ! ” the Magian said,
And tears unbidden filled his eyes,
“ We should not weep for thee ;—the Dead
Change but their home and skies ;
The moon shall beam, the myrtles bloom,
For thee no more ; yet, sorrow not !
The immortal pomp of Hades’ gloom
Best consecrates thy lot !

“ In June, in June, in laughing June,
And where the dells show deepest green,
Pavilioned overhead at noon
With gold and silver sheen,
These be for thee the place, the time :
Trust not thy heart, trust not thine eyes,
Beyond the Mount thy warm hopes climb
The Land of Darkness lies ! ”

Unblenching at the fateful words,
The hero turned around in haste—

“ On !—on !” he cried, “ ye million swords !

Your course, like mine, is traced.

Let me but close Life’s narrow span

Where weapons clash and banners wave ;

I would not live to mourn that Man

But conquers for a grave !”

A Sigh.

Fare-thee-sweetly, Youthhood's time,
Golden time of Love and Singing !
Hope and Joy were in their prime
Only when thy flowers were springing.

All thy voiceful soul is mute,
Thou hast dreamed thy dream of glory :
Scarcely now can lyre or lute
Wake one echo of thy story !

Ah ! the heart is but a grave,
Late or soon, for young Affection.
There the love that Nature gave
Sleeps, to know no resurrection.

This our sons will echo long ;
This our sires have sung before us :
Join, then, we the shadowy throng !
Swell, then, we the spectral chorus !

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

The Spectre-Caravan.

'Twas at midnight, in the Desert, where we rested on
the ground ;

There my Beddaweens were sleeping, and their steeds
were stretched around ;

In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the
Nile,

And the camel-bones that strewed the sands for many an
arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan-cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly
spread,

While beside me, as the Kapitaun and watchman of my
band,

Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on
the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a
cry

From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down
the sky,

Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-
seen,

Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming
Beddaween.

When, behold!—a sudden sandquake—and atween the
earth and moon

Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim
lagoon :

Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook
every man,

And the cry was, "*Allah Akbar!*—'tis the Spectre-
Caravan!"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca ever-
more ;

On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom
they bore,

Guides and merchants, youthful maidens, bearing pitchers
in their hands,

And behind them troops of horsemen following, sumless
as the sands !

More and more ! the phantom-pageant overshadowed all
the plains,

Yea, the ghastly camel-bones arose, and grew to camel-
trains ;

And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in
dusky garbs,

Here, afoot as Hadjee pilgrims—there, as warriors on
their barbs !

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom
Death had sought and found

Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach
around,

Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low
and lone,

And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy
Stone.

And yet more and more for ever !—still they swept in
pomp along,

Till I asked me, Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-
throng ?

Lo ! the Dead are here in myriads ; the whole World of
Hades waits,

As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmand
Straits !

Then I spake, " Our steeds are frantic : To your saddles
every one !

Never quail before these Shadows ! You are children of
the Sun !

If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach
you here,

Cry *Bismillah* !—and that mighty Name shall banish
every fear.

" Courage, comrades ! Even now the moon is waning
far a-west,

Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies in gold and
crimson vest,

And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes
forlorn,

When again upon your brows you feel the odour-winds
of Morn !"

The Lion's Ride.

What !—wilt thou bind him fast with a chain ?
Wilt bind the King of the Cloudy Sands ?
Idiot fool !—he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain !
See !—he crouches down in the sedge
By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore-boughs to quiver.
Gazelle and Giraffe, I think, will shun that river !

Not so !—The curtain of Evening falls,
And the Kaffer, mooring his light canoe
To the shore, glides down through the hushed Karroo,
And the watchfires burn in the Hottentot-kraals,
And the Antelope seeks a bed in the bush
Till the Dawn shall blush,
And the Zebra stretches his limbs by the tinkling fountain,
And the changeful signals fade from the Table-Mountain :

Now look through the dusk !—what seest thou now ?
Seest such a tall Giraffe ! She stalks
All majesty through the Desert's walks—
In search of water to cool her tongue and brow

From tract to tract of the limitless waste
Behold her haste !
Till, bowing her long neck down, she buries her face in
The reeds, and, kneeling, drinks from the river's basin.

But, look again !—look !—see once more
Those globe-eyes glare ! The gigantic reeds
Lie cloven and trampled like puniest weeds—

The Lion leaps on the Drinker's neck with a roar !
O, what a Racer ! Can any behold
'Mid the housings of gold
In the stables of kings dyes half so splendid
As those on the brindled hide of yon wild animal
blended?

Greedily fleshes the Lion his teeth
In the breast of his writhing prey :—around
Her neck his loose brown mane is wound—

Hark, that hollow cry ! She springs up from beneath—
And in agony flies over plains and heights.
See how she unites,
Even under such monstrous and torturing trammel,
With the grace of the Leopard the speed of the Camel !

She reaches the central moonlighted plain,
That spreadeth around all bare and wide ;
Meanwhile, adown her spotted side

The dusky blood-gouts gush like rain—
And her woeful eyeballs, how they stare
On the void of Air !
Yet, on she flies—on—on ;—for her there is no retreating ;
And the Desert can hear the heart of the Doomed One
beating !

And lo ! a stupendous column of sand,
A sand-spout out of that Sandy Ocean, upcurls
Behind the pair in eddies and whirls ;
Most like some flaming colossal brand,
Or wandering spirit of wrath
On his blasted path,
Or the dreadful Pillar that lighted the warriors and
women
Of Israel's land through the wildernesses of Yemen.

And the Vulture, scenting a coming carouse,
Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky ;
The bloody Hyæna, be sure, is nigh,
Fierce pillager, he, of the charnel-house !

The Panther, too, who strangles the Cape-town sheep
As they lie asleep,
Athirst for his share in the slaughter, follows,
While the gore of their victim spreads like a pool in the
sandy hollows !

She reels,—but the King of the Brutes bestrides
His tottering throne to the last :—with might
He plunges his terrible claws in the bright
And delicate cushions of her sides.
Yet hold !—fair play !—she rallies again !
In vain,—in vain !
Her struggles but help to drain her life-blood faster—
She staggers—gasps—and sinks at the feet of her Slayer
and Master !

She staggers—she falls—she shall struggle no more !
The death-rattle slightly convulses her throat—
Mayest look thy last on that mangled coat,
Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore !
Adieu ! The Orient glimmers afar,
And the morning-star
Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly.—
So rides the Lion in Afric's deserts nightly !

Iceland-Moss Tea.

Old even in boyhood, faint and ill,
And sleepless on my couch of woe,
I sip this beverage, which I owe
To Geyser's depths and Hecla's hill,

In fields where ice lies layer on layer,
And lava hardens o'er the whole—
And the Circle of the Arctic Pole
Looks forth on snow-crag's ever bare—

Where fierce volcanic fires burn blue
Through many a meteor-lighted night,
'Mid springs that foam in boiling might,
These blandly-bitter lichens grew.

Where, from the mountain's furnace-lair,
From thousand smoke-enveloped cones,
Colossal blocks of red-hot stones
Are night by night uphurled in air—

(Like blood-red Saga-birds of yore)

While o'er the immeasurable snows

A sea of burning resin flows

Bubbling like molten metal ore—

Where from the Jokuls¹⁰ to the strand

The dimmed eye turns from smoke and steam

Only to track some sulphur-stream

That seethes along the blasted land—

Where clouds lie black on cinder-piles,

And all night long the lone Seal moans,

As, one by one, the mighty stones

Fall echoing down on far-off isles—

Where, in a word, hills vomit flame,

And storms for ever lash the sea,

There sprang this bitter moss for me,

Thence this astringent potion came.

Yes, and my heart beats lightlier now,

My blood begins to dance along :

I now feel strong—Oh, more than strong!

I feel transformed I know not how !

The Meteor-lights are in my brain—
I see through smoke the Desolate Shore—
The raging Torrent sweeps once more
From Hecla's crater o'er the plain.

Deep in my breast the Boiling Springs
Beneath apparent ice are stirred—
My thoughts are each a Saga-bird,
With tongues of livid flame for wings!

Ha!—what if this green beverage be
The Chalice of my future Life—
If now, as in yon Isle, the strife
Of Snow and Fire be born in me!

Oh, be it thus! Oh, let me feel
The lava-flood in every vein!
Be mine the Will that conquers Pain—
The heart of rock—the nerves of steel!

Oh, let the flames that burn unfed
Within me wax until they glow,
Volcano-like, through even the snow
That in few years shall strew my head!

And, as the stones that Hecla sees
 Flung up to heaven through fiery rain
 Descend like thunderbolts again
Upon the distant Faroëse,"

So let the rude but burning rhymes
 Cast from the cauldron of my breast
 Again fall flashing down, and rest
On human hearts in farthest climes !

The Sheik of Mount Sinai.

A NARRATIVE OF OCTOBER, 1830.

“How sayest thou? Came to-day the Caravân
From Africa? And is it here?—’Tis well!
Bear me beyond the tent, me and mine ottomân!
I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the Gazelle
Rushes to drink will I to hear, and gather thence
fresh vigour.”

So spake the Sheik. They bore him forth; and thus
began the Moor—

“Old man! Upon Algeria’s towers the Tricolore is
flying!

Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony and door;
In the streets the loud Reveil resounds at break
of day:
Steeds prance to the Marseillaise o’er heaps of Dead
and Dying.
The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

“Southwards their legions marched through burning
lands;

The Barbary sun flashed on their arms—about
Their chargers’ manes were blown clouds of Tunisian
sands.

Knowest where the Giant Atlas rises dim in
The hot sky? Thither, in disastrous rout,
The wild Kabyles fled with their herds and women.

“The Franks pursued. Hu Allah!—each defile
Grew a very hell-gulf then, with smoke, and fire, and
bomb!

The Lion left the Deer’s half-cranced remains the
while;

He snuffed upon the winds a daintier prey!
Hark! the shout, *En avant!* To the topmost peak
upclomb
The conquerors in that bloody fray!

“Circles of glittering bayonets crowned the mountain’s
height.

The hundred Cities of the Plain, from Atlas to the sea
afar,
From Tunis forth to Fez, shone in the noonday-light.

The spear-men rested by their steeds, or slaked their
thirst at rivulets :

And round them through dark myrtles burned,—
each like a star,—

The slender golden minarets.

“But in the valley blooms the odorous Almond-tree
And the Aloe blossoms on the rock, defying storms
and suns.

Here was their conquest sealed. Look !—yonder
heaves the sea,

And far to the left lies Franquistán. The banners
flouted the blue skies.

The artillerymen came up. Mashallah ! how the guns
Did roar to sanctify their prize !”

“’Tis they !” the Sheik exclaimed : “I fought among
them, I,

At the Battle of the Pyramids ! Red all the long day
ran,

Red as thy turban-folds, the Nile’s high billows by !

But, their Sultaun ?—Speak !—He was once my
guest.

His lineaments,—gait,—garb ? Sawest thou the
Man ?”—

The Moor’s hand slowly felt its way into his breast.

“No,” he replied: “he bode in his warm palace-halls.

A Pasha led his warriors through the fire of hostile
ranks;

An Aga thundered for him before Atlas’ iron walls!

His lineaments, thou sayest? On gold, at least,
they lack

The kingly stamp. See here! A Spahi¹⁸ of the Franks
Gave me this coin in chaffering some days back.”

The Kashef¹⁹ took the gold: he gazed upon the head and
face.

Was this the great Sultaun he had known long years
ago?

It seemed not; for he sighed as all in vain ’e strove
to trace

The still-remembered features. “Ah, no!—this,”
he said, “is

Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye: who *this* man is
I do not know.

How very like a Pear his head is!”

The King of Congo and his Hundred Wives.

Fill up with bright palm-wine, unto the rim fill up
The cloven Ostrich-eggshell-cup,

And don your shells and chowries, ye Sultaunas !
O chuse your gayest, gorgeousest array,
As on the brilliant Beiram holiday
That opes the doors of your Zenaunas !

Come ! never sit a trembling on your silk deewauns !
What fear ye ? To your feet, ye timid fawns !

See here your zones embossed with gems and amber !
See here the firebright beads of coral for your necks !
In such a festal time each young Sultauna decks
Herself as for the nuptial-chamber.

Rejoice !—your Lord, your King comes home again !
His enemies lie slaughtered on the desert-plain.

Rejoice !—It cost you tears of blood to sever
From one you loved so well—but now your griefs are
o'er :

Sing! Dance! He leaves his land, his house, no more—
Henceforward he is yours for ever!

Triumphant he returns: nought seeks he now; his hand
No more need hurl the javelin: sea and sand and land
Are his, far as the Zaire's blue billows wander;
Henceforth he bids farewell to spear and battle-horse,
And calls you to his couch,—a cold one, for—his corse
Lies on the copper buckler yonder!

Nay, fill not thus the Harem with your shrieks!
'Tis he! Behold his cloak, striped, Quagga-like, with
bloody streaks!
'Tis he! albeit his eyes lie glazed for ever under
Their lids,—albeit his blood no more shall dance along
In rapture to the music of the Tomtom-gong,
Or headlong war-steed's hoof of thunder!

Yes! the Great 'Buffalo'¹⁴ sleeps! His mightiest victory
was his last.

His warriors howl in vain—his necromancers gaze aghast—
Fetish, nor magic wand, nor amulet of darnel,
Can charm back life to the clay-cold heart and limb.
He sleeps, and you, his women, sleep with him!
You share the dark pomps of his charnel!

Even now the headsman whets his axe to slay you at
the funeral-feast.

Courage!—a glorious fate is yours! Through Afric and
the East

Your fame shall be immortal! Kordofán and Yemen
With stories of your lord's exploits and your devotedness
shall ring,

And future ages rear skull-obelisks to the King
Of Congo and his Hundred Women!

To a Skating Negro.

Man of giant height and form,
Who, beside the Gambia river,
Oft amid the lightning-storm
Sawest the glittering Fetish quiver!

Who hast poured the Panther's hot
Life-blood out beneath the Equator,
And with poisoned arrow shot
Through red reeds the Alligator!

Wherefore art thou here? Why flies
Thy fleet foot o'er frozen places—
Thou, the child of tropic skies,
Cradled in the sun's embraces?

Thou that, reeking from the wave,
On thy war-horse often sprungest,
And around the Foulah slave
Guinea's badge of bondage flungest?

Oh, at home, amid thy mates,
There, where skulls tattooed and gory
Whiten high o'er palace-gates,
Let me see thee in thy glory !

Where gold gum from bursten trees
Oozes like the slime of Lethe,
As in dreams my spirit sees,
Let mine eyes in daylight see thee !

See thee, far from our chill North,
Which thou in thy soul abhorrest,
Chase the Koomozeno¹⁵ forth
Through the boundless banyan-forest !

See thee, in thine own rich land,
Decked with gems of barbarous beauty,
Keeping watch, with spear in hand,
O'er thy Manza's¹⁶ piles of booty !

Whirling, gliding here along,
Ever shifting thy position,
Thou resemblest, in this throng,
Some strange African magician,

Who, within the enchanted Ring,
All the hosts of Hell defieth,
Or, upborne on Griffin-wing,
Through Zahara's desert flieth!

Oh ! when sunny Spring once more
Melts the ice of western oceans,
Hie thee back to that loved shore
Where were born thy first emotions!

There around thy jetblack head
Bright gold dust in garlands flashes—
Here hoar frost and snows instead
Strew it but with silver ashes !

The Alexandrine Metre.

Bound ! bound ! my desert-barb from Alexandria !
 My wild one ! Such a courser no Emeer nor Shah
 Bestrides—whoever else may in those Eastern lands
 Rock in magnificent saddles upon field or plain !
 Where thundereth such a hoof as thine along the sands ?
 Where streameth such a tail ? Where such a meteor-
 mane ?

As it stands written, thus thou neighest loud, “ Ha ! ha ! ”
 Spurning both bit and reins. The winds of Africa
 Blow the loose hair about thy chaffron to and fro !
 Lightning is in thy glance, thy flanks are white with
 foam,
 Thou art not, sure, the animal snaffled by Boileau,
 And whom Gottschedian¹⁷ turnpike-law forbade to roam !

He, bitted, bridled, reined, steps delicately along,
 Ambling for ever to the air of one small song,
 Till he reaches the *Cæsura*. That’s a highway ditch
 For him to cross ! He stops—he stares—he snorts :—
 at last
 Sheer terror screwing up his pluck to a desperate pitch,
 He—jumps one little jump, and the ugly gulf is passed.

Thou, meanwhile, speedest far o'er deserts and by streams,
Like rushing flame ! To thee the same Cæsura seems
A chasm in Mount Sinai. The rock is riven in two !

Still on ! Thy fetlocks bleed. Now for an earthquake
shock !

Hurrah ! thou boundest over, and thine iron shoe
Charms rattling thunder and red lightning from the
rock !

Now hither ! Here we are ! Knowest thou this yellow
sand ?

So !—there !—that's well ! Reel under my controlling
hand !

Tush ! never heed the sweat :—Honour is born of Toil.

I'll see thee again at sunset, when the southern breeze
Blows cool. Then will I lead thee o'er a soft green soil,
And water thee till nightfall in the Middlest Seas.

Gräbte.

There stood I in the Camp. 'Twas when the setting
sun

Was crimsoning the tents of the Hussars.
The booming of the Evening-gun
Broke on mine ear. A few stray stars
Shone out, like silverblank medallions
Paving a sapphire floor. Then flowed in unison the
tones

Of many hautboys, bugles, drums, trombones,
And fifes, from twenty-two battalions.

They played, "Give glory unto God our Lord!"
A solemn strain of music and sublime,
That bade Imagination hail a coming time,
When universal Mind shall break the slaying sword,
And Sin, and Wrong, and Suffering shall depart
An Earth which Christian love shall turn to Heaven.
A dream!—yet still I listened, and my heart
Grew tranquil as that Summer-even.

But soon uprose pale Hecate—she who trances

The skies with deathly light. Her beams fell wan,
but mild,

On the long lines of tents, on swords and lances,

And on the pyramids of musquets piled

Around. Then sped from rank to rank

The signal-order, “*Tzako ab !*” The music ceased to
play.

The stillness of the grave ensued. I turned away.

Again my memory’s tablets showed a saddening blank !

Meanwhile another sort of scene

Was acted at the Outposts. Carelessly I strolled,

In quest of certain faces, into the Canteen.

Here wine and brandy, hot or cold,

Passed round. At one long table Fredericks-d’or

Glittered à *qui mieux mieux* with epaulettes,

And, heedless of the constant call, “*Who sets ?*”

Harpwomen played and sang old ballads by the score.

I sought an inner chamber. Here sat some

Dragoons and Yagers, who conversed, or gambled,

Or drank. The dice-box rattled on a drum.

I chose a seat apart. My speculations rambled.

Scarce even a passive listener or beholder,

I mused: "Give glory——" "*Qui en veut ?*"—The
sound

Came from the drum-head. I had half turned round
When some one touched me on the shoulder.

"Ha!—is it you?" "None other." "Well—what
news?

How goes it in Mulhausen?" Queries without end
Succeed. and I reply as briefly as I chuse.

An hour flies by. "Now then, adieu, my friend!"—
"Stay!—tell me——" "Quick! I am off to *Rouge et
Noir.*"—

"Well—one short word, and then Good Night!—
Grabbe ?"—"Grabbe? He is dead. Wait: let me see.
Ay, right!

We buried him on Friday last. *Bon soir!*"

An icy thrill ran through my veins.

Dead! Buried! Friday last!—and here!—*His* grave
Profaned by vulgar feet! Oh, Noble, Gifted, Brave!
Bard of *The Hundred Days!*¹⁹—was this to be thy fate
indeed?

I wept; yet not because Life's galling chains

No longer bound thy spirit to this barren earth ;
I wept to think of thy transcendant worth
And genius—and of what had been their meed !

I wandered forth into the spacious Night,
Till the first feelings of my heart had spent
Their bitterness. Hours passed. There was an Uhlan
tent

At hand. I entered. By the moon's blue light
I saw some arms and baggage and a heap
Of straw. Upon this last I threw
My weary limbs. In vain ! The moanful night-winds
blew
About my head and face, and Memory banished Sleep.

All night *he* stood, as I had seen him last,
Beside my couch. Had he indeed forsaken
The tomb ? Or, did I dream, and should I waken ?
My thoughts flowed like a river, dark and fast.
Again I gazed on that columnar brow :
“ Deserted House ! of late so bright with vividest
flashes

Of Intellect and Passion, can it be that thou
Art now a mass of sparkless ashes ?

“Those ashes once were watch-fires, by whose gleams
The glories of the Hohenstauffen race,”
And Italy’s shrines,” and Greece’s hallowed streams”
Stood variously revealed—now, softly, as the face
Of Night illumined by her silver Lamp—
Now, burning with a deep and living lustre,
Like the high beacon-lights that stud this Camp,
Here, far apart,—there, in a circular cluster.

“This Camp! Ah, yes! methinks it images well
What thou hast been, thou lonely Tower!—
Moonbeams and lamplight mingled—the deep choral
swell
Of Music in her peals of proudest power,
And then—the tavern dice-box rattle!
The Grand and the Familiar fought
Within thee for the mastery; and thy depth of
thought
And play of wit made every conflict a drawn battle!

“And, oh! that such a mind, so rich, so overflowing
With ancient lore and modern phantasy,
And prodigal of its treasures as a tree
Of golden leaves when Autumn-winds are blowing,

That such a mind, made to illume and glad
All minds, all hearts, should have itself become
Affliction's chosen Sanctuary and Home !—

This is in truth most marvellous and sad !

“ Alone the Poet lives—alone he dies.

Cain-like, he bears the isolating brand

Upon his brow of sorrow. True, his hand
Is pure from blood-guilt, but in human eyes

His is a darker crime than that of Cain,—
Rebellion against Social Wrong and Law !”

Groaning, at length I slept, and in my dreams I saw
The ruins of a Temple on a desolate plain.

My Themes.

“Most weary man!—why wreathest thou
Again and yet again,” methinks I hear you ask,

“The turban on thy sunburnt brow?

Wilt never vary

Thy tristful task,

But sing, still sing, of sands and seas as now,
Housed in thy willow zumbulⁿ on the Dromedary?

“Thy tent has now o’er many times
Been pitched in treeless places on old Amnon’s plains!

We long to greet in blander climes

The Love and Laughter

Thy soul disdains.

Why wanderest ever thus in prolix rhymes
Through snows and stony wastes, while we come toiling
after?

“Awake! Thou art as one who dreams;
Thy quiver overflows with melancholy sand!

Thou faintest in the noontide beams!

Thy crystal beaker
Of Song is banned !
Filled with the juice of poppies from dull streams
In sleepy Indian dells, it can but make thee weaker !

“ O ! cast away the deadly draught,
And glance around thee then with an awakened eye !
The waters healthier bards have quaffed
At Europe's Fountains
Still babble by,
Bright now as when the Grecian Summer laughed,
And Poesy's first flowers bloomed on Apollo's mountains.

“ So many a voice thine era hath,
And thou art deaf to all ! O, study Mankind ! Probe
The heart. Lay bare its Love and Wrath,
Its Joy and Sorrow !
Not round the globe,
O'er flood and field and dreary desert-path,
But into thine own bosom look, and thence thy marvels
borrow.

“ Weep ! Let us hear thy tears resound
From the dark iron concave of Life's Cup of Woe !
Weep for the souls of Mankind, bound

In chains of Error!
Our tears will flow
In sympathy with thine when thou hast wound
Our feelings up to the proper pitch of Grief or Terror!

“Unlock the life-gates of the flood
That rushes through thy veins! Like Vultures, we
delight
To glut our appetites with blood!
Remorse, Fear, Torment,
The blackening blight
Love smites young hearts withal—these be the food
For us! Without such stimulants our dull souls lie
dormant!

“But no long voyagings—oh, no more
Of the weary East or South—no more of the Simoom—
No apples from the Dead Sea shore—
No fierce volcanoes,
All fire and gloom!
Or else, at most, sing *basso*, we implore,
Of Orient sands, while Europe's flowers monopolise thy
Sopranos!”

'Thanks, friends, for this your kind advice !
Would I could follow it—could bide in balmier lands !
But those far arctic tracts of ice,
Those wildernesses
Of wavy sands,
Are the only home I have. They must suffice
For one whose lonely hearth no smiling Peri blesses.

Yet, count me not the more forlorn
For my barbarian tastes. Pity me not. Oh, no !
The heart laid waste by Grief or Scorn,
Which inly knoweth
Its own deep woe,
Is the only Desert. *There* no spring is born
Amid the sands—in *that* no shady Palm-tree groweth !

The White Lady.

Once more the Phantom Countess, attired in white,
appears,
With mourning and with wailing, with tremors and with
tears,
Once more appears a-gliding forth from pictures and
from walls,
In Prussia's gorgeous palaces and old baronial halls—
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-
walks by night
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the
sight.

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes!

What bodes this resurrection upon our illumined stage?
Comes she perchance to warn and wake a ghostless, god-
less age?
Announces she the death of Kings and Kaisers as of
yore—
A funeral and a crowning—a pageant, and no more?

I know not—but men whisper through the land, from
south to north,
That a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-day has called her
forth.

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes !

She nightly weeps—they say so !—o'er the beds of Young
and Old,

O'er the infant's crimson cradle—o'er the couch of silk
and gold.

For hours she stands, with claspèd hands, lamenting by
the side

Of the sleeping Prince and Princess—of the Landgrave
and his bride ;

And at whiles along the corridors is heard her thrilling
cry—

“Awake, awake, my kindred !—The Time of Times is
nigh !”

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the suffering Lady Agnes !

“Awake, awake, my kindred ! O saw ye what I see,
Sleep never more would seal your eyes this side eternity !

Through the hundred-vaulted cavern-crypts where I and
mine abide,

Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the surgings of
the tide—

You note them not : you blindly face the hosts of Hate
and Fate !

Alas ! your eyes will open soon—too soon, yet all too
late !”

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes !

“ Oh, God ! Oh, God ! the coming hour arouses even the
Dead :

Yet the Living thus can slumber on, like things of stone
or lead.

The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you, you
make no sign !

I dare not hope to pierce your souls by those weak words
of mine,

Else would I warn from night to morn, else cry, ‘ O
Kings, be just !

Be just, if bold ! Loose where you may : bind only
where you must !’

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the wretched Lady Agnes !

“ I, sinful one, in Orlamund I slew my children fair :
Thence evermore, till time be o’er, my dole and my despair.
Of that one crime in olden time was born my endless woe;
For that one crime I wander now in darkness to and fro.
Think *ye* of me, and what I dree, you whom no law
controls,

Who slay your people’s holiest hopes, their liberties,
their souls !”

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes !

“ Enough ! I must not say *Good* night, or bid the
doomed *farewell* !

Down to mine own dark home I go—my Hades’ dungeon-
cell.

Above my head lie brightly spread the flowers that Sum-
mer gives,

Free waters flow, fresh breezes blow, all nature laughs
and lives ;

But where *you* tread the flowers drop dead, the grass
grows pale and sere,

And round you floats in clotted waves Hell’s lurid atmos-
phere !”

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the wandering Lady Agnes !

She lifts on high her pallid arms—she rises from the
floor,

Turns round and round without a sound, then passes
through the door.

But through the open trellises the warden often sees
Her moonpale drapery floating down the long dim gal-
leries ;

And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-
walks by night

Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the
sight,

O pray for Lady Agnes!

And myriads more with Lady Agnes!

B. A. DUNKER.

An Original Family-picture.

Mein Herr Painter, will you now,
Will you paint us right, sir ?
Me, the goodman, and my frow,
Wilhelmina Schweitzer,
And our sons, Adolph and Joe,
And our daughters, whom you know,
Peggy, Lizzy, Kitty,
Bouncing girls and pretty.

Paint the church exactly in
Middle of our village ;
Paint the lasses as they spin,
And the lads at tillage ;

Paint this house of ours, and don't
Fail to paint upon the front—

Re-erected newly

1800, *July*.

Sunday inside church for *me*,
At communion-table ;
Workday outside ; Joe shall be
Helping in the stable :
Paint our garden, trees, and wall,
And our daughters, paint them all,
Kitty, Peggy, Lizzy,
With their fingers busy.

As I love gay colours, too,
Like a decent fellow
Paint my face a vivid blue,
And my wife's a yellow ;
Paint our daughters red and grey,
And for both our boys, that they
Need'nt look like bumpkins,
Paint them green as pumpkins.

Make the sketch look neat and nice ;
Spare no pains or colors ;
Schweitzer won't begrudge your price,
Though it be two dollars.
Mind and let the frame be strong,
Six feet broad and ten feet long,
Under piece and upper :—
Now come in to supper.

FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISSON.

An Evening Landscape.

Sunset pale
Gilds the vale,
And the pall of Evening slowly falls
Over Waldburg's ruined castle walls.

Full and free
Sweeps the sea,
And, far twinkling through the liquid green
Many a fisher's swan-white bark is seen.

Silver sand
Strews the strand,
While the clouds, red, pale, and purple, show
Their gay glories in the wave below.

And, behold !
Hued as gold,
Wild flowers climb the promontory's rock,
Where the fluttering sea-fowl swarm and flock.

In the skies
Poplars rise,
And the broad oaks ever darklier frown,
And the mountain-streamlets ripple down.

While, above
Strand and grove,
Orchard, rivulet and dusky dell,
Stands the moss-o'ershaded hermit's cell.

But, night soon
Brings the moon,
And no more the golden sunset falls
Over Waldburg's ruined castle-walls.

Moonlight pale
Paints the vale,
And, in Fancy's ear, sad spirit-lays
Chaunt the memory of old hero-days.

Lobe's Reminiscences.

I think on thee
When through the vale
Is thrilling the wail
Of the sweet and mateless nightingale,
Then, love, I think on thee :
When thinkest thou on me ?

I think on thee
Where the ruin is grey,
Where the moon's faint ray
Over urns and mounds is wont to play—
There, love, I think on thee ;
Where thinkest thou on me ?

I think on thee
With tremblings and fears,
And fast-falling tears,
And sleepless emotions that pierce me like spears—

Ah ! thus I think on thee :
How thinkest thou on me ?

Oh ! think on me
Till above yon star,
That burneth afar,
Where Virtue and Innocence only are,
One day I meet with thee,
Oh ! think till then on me !

To the Beloved One.

Through pine-grove and greenwood, o'er hills and by
hollows,

Thine image my footsteps incessantly follows,
And sweetly thou smilest, or veilest thine eye,
While floats the white moon up the wastes of the sky.

In the sheen of the fire and the purple of dawn
I see thy light figure in bower and on lawn.
By mountain and woodland it dazes my vision
Like some brilliant shadow from regions Elysian.

Oft has it, in dreamings, been mine to behold
Thee, fairy-like, seated on throne of red gold ;
Oft have I, upborne through Olympus's portals,
Beheld thee as Hebe among the Immortals.

A tone from the valley, a voice from the height,
Reëchoes thy name like the Spirit of Night ;
The zephyrs that woo the wild flowers on the heath
Are warm with the odorous life of thy breath.

And oft when in stilliest midnight my soul
Is borne through the stars to its infinite goal,
I long to meet thee, my Beloved, on that shore
Where hearts reunite to be sundered no more.

Joy swiftly departeth ; soon vanisheth Sorrow ;
Time wheels in a circle of morrow and morrow ;
The sun shall be ashes, the earth waste away,
But Love shall reign king in his glory for aye.

JOHANN GAUDENZ BARON V. SALIS SEEWIS.

Cheerfulness.

See how the day beameth brightly before us!

Blue is the firmament—green is the earth—

Grief hath no voice in the Universe-chorus—

Nature is ringing with music and mirth.

Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness—

Gaze! and if Beauty can capture thy soul,

Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness—

Gladness, Philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasures Pleasure uncloses—

List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay!

Breathe! she is wafting thee sweets from the roses;

Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;

Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing

Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun—

Green in the hills, in the flowergroves blushing,

Look! she is always and everywhere one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom ;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb ?
Still may we battle for Goodness and Beauty ;
Still hath Philanthropy much to essay :
Glory rewards the fulfilment of Duty ;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What, though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like, darken this planet of ours,
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows
Ever when Anguish hath palsied its powers ;
Wherefore, though Fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of Hope,
Fearlessly certain that sooner or later
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of Creation !
Still is God's Earth undistorted and bright ;
Comfort the captives to long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap the more perfect delight.
Love !—but if Love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share ;
Love, then, with willing and deathless emotion,
All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act!—for in Action are Wisdom and Glory.

Fame, Immortality—these are its crown :

Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of Story,

Build on **ACHIEVEMENTS** thy Dome of Renown.

Honour and Feeling were given thee to cherish,

Cherish them, then, though all else should decay :

Landmarks be these that are never to perish,

Stars that will shine on thy duskiest day.

Courage!—Disaster and Peril, once over,

Freshen the spirit, as showers the grove:

O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover

Soon the Forget-Me-Not rises in love.

Courage, then, friends! Though the universe crumble,

Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,

Patient and trustful and joyous and humble,

Smiles through the ruin on Darkness and Death.

The Grave.

The Grave it is deep and soundless,
And canopied over with clouds ;
And trackless and dim and boundless
Is the Unknown Land that it shrouds.

In vain may the nightingales warble
Their songs—the roses of Love
And Friendship grow white on the marble
The Living have reared above.

The virgin, bereft at her bridal
Of him she has loved, may weep ;
The wail of the orphan is idle ;
It breaks not the buried one's sleep.

Yet everywhere else shall mortals
For Peace unavailingly roam :
Except through the Shadowy Portals
Goeth none to his genuine home !

And the heart that Tempest and Sorrow
Have beaten against for years,
Must look for a sunnier morrow
Beyond this Temple of Tears.

AUGUST ADOLF LUDWIG FOLLEN.

Freedom.

Ring, ring, blithe Freedom's Song !

Roll forth as water strong

Down rocks in sheets !

Pale stands the Gallic swarm—

Our hearts beat high and warm—

Youth nerves the Teuton's arm

For glorious feats !

God : Father ! to thy praise

The spirit of old days

In Deutschland's Youth

Spreads as a burning brand !

We hail the fourfold band,

God, Freedom, Fatherland,

Old German Truth !

Puretongued and pious be,
Manful and chaste and free,
Great Hermann's race !
And, while God's judgments light
On Tyranny's brute might,
Build We the People's Right
On Freedom's base !

For now in German breasts
Fair Freedom manifests
Her power at length ;
Her worth is understood ;
We vow to her our blood ;
We feel that Brotherhood
Alone is Strength !

Ring, then, glad Song of Zeal,
Loud as the thunderpeal
That rocks the sphere !
Our hearts, hopes, objects, One,
Stand we, One Starry Zone,
And round One Sun, the Throne,
Be our career !

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD COUNT STOLBERG.

To a Mountain Cataract.

Untameable Young One !
How loudly, how proudly,
Thou thunderest forth from the firecloven mountain !
No mortal eye ever beheld
Thy cradle, thou Strong One !
On no ear ever knelled
The first cry of the Babe, the Wild Babe of the Fountain !

How beauteous thou art,
With those long silver locks !
How dreadful thou art
In each volley that shocks the reverberant rocks !
Pines tremble before thee ;
The roots of their oldest
Thou wrenchest, like Death !
Rocks vainly implore thee ;
Thou graspest the boldest,
And hurlest them, laughing, like pebbles, beneath !

Long ago, for thy glory,
The sun of the hoary
Mists over thee made
An imperial pavilion !
Long ago he arrayed
The bright bows that o'erarch thee in gold and vermillion !

And sweepst thou forth
To the green Summer sea ?
Is thy liberty, then, of no worth ?
Bring the mutinous crags, the torn tannen, no glee,
The reverberant cliffs no delight unto thee ?

What ! speedest along
To the sleek Summer sea,
When as yet thou art free and art strong,
Yea, as a god strong,
And as a god free ?

The waves, as they bask in the richness of Noon,
Seem full of luxuriant repose,
Nor look they less calm in the beams of the Moon,
Less bright when the Summer eve glows.

But, what profits the boon
Of luxuriant repose,

Oh ! what are the smiles of the friendliest moon,

Or the lustre that glows

In the West at the close

Of a long Summer day,

If the heart, if the soul have been yielded away,

And are sleeping in Slavery's harness ?

Beware !—there are mists atween thee

And the Farness,

And masked is the snare

Of the specious Betrayer !

Beware !

There is Death in the green of the meadowy Sea !

O ! rush not along

To the smooth Summer Sea,

When as yet thou art free and art strong,

Yea, as a god strong,

And as a god free !

The Grave.

Life's Day is darked with Storm and Ill ;
The Night of Death is mild and still :
The consecrated Grave receives
Our frames as Earth doth withered leaves.

There sunbeams shine, there dewy showers
Fall bright as on the garden-bowers ;
And Friendship's tear-drops, in the ray
Of Hope, are brighter still than they.

The Mother^m from her lampless dome
Calls out to all, " Come home ! Come home !"
O ! could we once behold her face,
We ne'er would shun her dark embrace.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

The German's Fatherland.

Where is the German's Fatherland
Is't Prussia? Swabia? Is't the strand
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine?
—No!—yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's Fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scanned
It where the Zuyder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends?
—No, brother, no!—thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine Fatherland!

Is then the German's Fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps;
Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps:

Hast found it now?—Not yet! Demand
Elsewhere the German's Fatherland!

Then say, Where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquered land?
Is't where Tyrol's green mountains rise?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By Freedom's purest breezes fanned—
But no! 'tis not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatched, in glory old?
O! none shall write her name on sand;
But she is not the German's land!

Say then, Where lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
Is't Alsace? Or Lorraine—that gem
Wrenched from the Imperial Diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No! these are not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now at last that mighty land!

Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand !
That is the German's Fatherland !

That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than clasped hands,
Where Valour lights the flashing eye,
Where Love and Truth in deep hearts lie,
And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand,
That is the German's Fatherland !

That is the German's Fatherland
Where Hate pursues each foreign band—
Where German is the name for friend,
Where Frenchman is the name for fiend,
And France's yoke is spurned and banned—
That is the German's Fatherland !

That is the German's Fatherland !
Great God ! look down and bless that land !
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while Existence rolls,
And love with heart, and aid with hand,
Their Universal Fatherland !

AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE.

Be Merry and Wise.

No beauty, no glory, remaineth
Below the unbribable skies :
All Beauty but winneth and waneth—
All Glory but dazzles and dies.

Since multitudes cast in a gay mould
Before us have lived and have laughed,
To the slumberers under the claymould
Let goblet on goblet be quaffed !

For millions in centuries after
Decay shall have crumbled our bones
As lightly with revel and laughter
Will fill their progenitors' thrones.

Here banded together in union
Our bosoms are joyous and gay.
How blest, could our festive communion
Remain to enchant us for aye !

But Change is omnipotent ever ;
Thus knitted we cannot remain ;
Wide waves and high hills will soon sever
The links of our brotherly chain.

Yet, even though far disunited,
Our hearts are in fellowship still,
And all, if but one be delighted,
Will hear it with Sympathy's thrill.

And if, after years have gone o'er us,
Fate bring us together once more,
Who knows but the mirth of our chorus
May yet be as loud as before !

KARL EGON EBERT.

The Rebeuge of Duke Swerting.

[“Swerting, Duke of the Saxons, was conquered in 435 by Frotho IV. King of the Danes, who imposed upon the Saxons a heavy yearly poll-tax. The Saxons in vain attempted to recover their independence; and Frotho humbled them still more by making them pay a tax for every one of their limbs that was two feet long. To keep the Saxons better in subjection, Frotho had thought it prudent to make his son Ingel marry the daughter of Swerting, in the hope of binding the latter to his interests by this alliance. But Swerting did not desert his own nation—he planned the destruction of the conqueror and oppressor of his country, and accomplished it nearly in the manner related in Ebert’s ballad.”—M. KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI, *German Ballads and Romances*, p. 303.]

O, a warrior’s feast was Swerting’s in his Burg beside
the Rhine;

There from gloomy iron bell-cups they drank the Saxon
wine,

And the viands were served in iron up, in coldest iron
all,

And the sullen clash of iron arms resounded through the
hall.

Uneasily sat Frotho there, the Tyrant of the Danes ;
With louring brow he quaffed his cup, then eyed the iron
chains
That hung and clanked like manacles at Swerting's arms
and breast,
And the iron studs and linkèd rings that bossed his ducal
vest.

“ What may this bode, this chilling gloom, Sir Duke and
Brother Knights ?

Why meet I here such wintry cheer, such sorry sounds
and sights ?

Out on your shirts of iron ! Will ye bear to have it told
That I found ye thus when Danish knights go clad in
silks and gold ? ” —

“ King ! Gold befits the freeman, the Iron marks the
slave ;

So thought and spake our fathers, and their sons are just
and brave :

Thyself hast bound the iron round thy proud but con-
quered foe ;

If thy chains had been but golden we had burst them
long ago.

“ But I came not here to hold a parle, or tell a tristful
tale,
But to bid the dastard tremble and to make the tyrant
quail.
O, strong, Sir King, is iron, but the heart is stronger still,
Nor Earth nor Hell can cast in thrall a People’s mighty
Will !” -

While his words yet rang like cymbals, there strode into
the hall
Twelve swarthy Saxon Rittersmen, with flaming torches
tall ;
They stood to catch a signal-glance from Swerting’s eagle
eye,
Then again they rushed out, waving their pitchy brands
on high.

The Danish King grows paler, yet he brims his goblet
higher ;
But the sultry hall is dark with smoke ; he hears the hiss
of fire !
Yes ! the Red Avenger marches on his fierce and swift
career,
And from man to man goes round the whisper, “ Brother,
it is near !”

Up starts the King; he turns to fly; Duke Swerting
holds him fast.

“Nay, Golden King, the dice are down, and thou must
bide the cast.

If thy chains can fetter ~~THIS~~ fell foe, the glory be thine
own,

Thine be the Saxon Land for aye, and ~~thine~~ the Saxon
throne!”

But hotter, hotter burns the air all through that lurid
hall,

And louder groan the blackened beams; the crackling
rafters fall,

And ampler waxes momentarily the glare, the volumed flash,
Till at last the roof-tree topples down with stunning
thundercrash.

Then in solemn prayer that gallant band of Self-devoted
kneel—

“Just God! assail our souls, thus driven to Freedom’s
last appeal!”

And Frotho writhes and rages, fire stifling his quick
gasp,

But, strong and terrible as Death, his foe maintains his
grasp.

“Behold, thou haughty tyrant, behold what MEN can
dare !

So triumph such,—so perish, too, enslavers everywhere !”
And the billowy flames, while yet he speaks, come roaring
down the hall,

And the Fatherland is loosed for aye from Denmark’s
iron thrall !

KARL IMMERMANN.

The Student of Prague.²³

What riotous din is ringing ?

What wassailers throng the house ?

The Student of Prague is singing

The praise of his wild carouse.

With bloodshot eyes and glowing,

He shouts like one possessed,

His goblet overflowing,

His head on his leman's breast.

As pallid as alabaster,

The servant ventures in :

“ 'Tis midnight, O, my master !

Cease now, at least, from sin ! ” —

“ Avaunt, thou croaking booby !

I brook no babble from thee ;

As long as the wine looks ruby
Right jovial I swear to be !”

He drinks from his goblet faster ;
Within lies a coilèd worm :
“ God gives thee a sign, my master !
It saith, Repent ! Reform !”—
“ Truce, dolt, to thy coffin-faces !
Go, preach to the fools that will hear ;
Thus locked in my leman’s embraces,
What accident have I to fear ?”

He plays with her night-black tresses ;
She breaks from his arms by force ;
Her hand on her heart she presses ;
She shrieks, and drops down a corse !
Then steps the servant past her,
And falls upon his knee :
“ God shews thee a sign, O, master,
A fearful sign to thee !”—

“ Away, thou hound, to the devil !
Red gold have I still in store

To win me wherewith to revel,
And fairer lemans a score.
So long as my dotard father
Takes care of this purse of mine,
So long, by hell, will I gather
The roses of Love and wine."

The servant, shuddering, fetches
Away the accusing Dead :
And the wild young Student stretches
His wasted limbs in bed.
The lurid lamp is shooting
A bluer glare anon ;
The owls without are hooting ;
The hollow bell tolls " One !"

When lo ! a charnel vapour
Pervades the Student's room :
Then dies the darkened taper ;
And, shimmering through the gloom,
A Shadow with look of sorrow
Bends over the reckless boy,
Who dreams of new pleasures to-morrow,
And laughs his libertine joy.

The Pitying Phantom raises
Its warning hand on high ;
The Student starts ; he gazes ;
He grasps his bed-sword nigh ;
He strikes at what resembles
His father's features pale ;
And the stricken Phantom trembles,
And vanishes with a wail.

The wintry morn is dawning
In ashy-grey and red ;
The servant undraws the awning
That screens his master's bed ;
And a black-edged letter, weeping,
He gives the startled youth ;
And the Student's flesh is creeping,
For he fears the dreadful truth.

“From thy mother, broken-hearted,
And widowed now by thee—
Thy father has departed
This life in agony.

Whole nights I saw him languish ;
And still he called in wild
And ceaseless tones of anguish
For thee, his ruined child,

“ At last he lay as trancèd ;
His struggles appeared to cease,
And I fondly hoped and fancied
His spirit was now at peace ;
But soon I heard him crying,
‘ He strikes me with his sword !’
And his bitter curse in dying
On his hardened son was poured.”

The parricide Student ponders,
But word he utters not ;
He leaves the house and wanders
To a lone and desolate spot.
With scissors he there divests his
Proud head of its clustering hair,
And low on his hands he rests his
Shorn skull and temples bare.”

And now what chant funereal,
What feasters fill the house?
Their chant is a dirge of burial,
Their feast a death-carouse.
They drain the funeral-bowl off,
And chorus in accents vague
A hymn to the rest of the soul of
The penitent Student of Prague.

ALOYS SCHREIBER.

A Drinking-Song.

Look—look—this wine is German !
Therefore streams it full and flowing,
Therefore beams it bold and glowing,
Therefore, like a thirsty merman,
Quaff the brilliant cup divine ;
Brother, this is German wine !

Fill—fill—a bumper goblet !
Fill it high, and toast our olden
Fatherland, and them, the golden
Maids and men who aye ennoble it !
Fill the purple cup divine ;
Brother, this is German wine !

Drink—drink—to Ancient Usage !
May their memory greenly flourish
Who of yore were first to nourish
Fresh and soul with this, and grew sage,

Quaffing such immortal wine,
Drink the Fathers of the Vine!

Toast—toast—the resurrection
Of our country from her torpor!
We have spurned the French Usurper:
Freedom binds us and Affection,
Me with thee, and mine with thine:
Toast our triumph here in wine!

German worth and German wine,
German speech and German manners,
Be the motto on our banners!
None can tremble, none can pine,
While he drinks of German wine!

FERDINAND GOTTFRIED MAX V. SHENKENDORF.

Andreas Hofer.

“Victory ! Victory ! Inspruck’s taken
By the Vintner of Passayer !”
What wild joy the sounds awaken !
Hearts grow bolder, faces gayer ;
Maidens, leaving duller labors,
Weave the wreaths they mean to proffer ;
All the students, all the neighbours,
March with music out to Hofer.

Till the Chief, commanding silence,
Speaks, with tone and aspect sternest—
“Men ! lay down your trumpery vi’lins !
Death and God are both in earnest !

Not for Music, not for Glory,

Leave I wives and orphans weeping ;

Perish Hofer's name in story !

He but seeks *one* goal unsleeping.

“ Kneel in prayer, and chant your ros'ries !

Theirs is music meet to cheer ye.

When your hearts in speech that glows rise,

GOD the LORD may deign to hear ye.

Pray for me a sinner, lowly,

Pray for our great Kaiser loudly ;”

God keep Prince and People holy !

May both guard the sceptre proudly !

Me, my time is short for suing ;

Shew GOD what and how the case is ;

Count him up what Dead are strewing

Level plains and lofty places ;

State what hosts yet shield the Wronger, ”

And what clans of Austrian bowmen

Speed the shout and shaft no longer :—

GOD alone can crush our foemen.”

JULIUS MOSEN.

The Death of Hofer.

At Mantua long had lain in chains
The gallant Hofer bound ;
But now his day of doom was come—
At morn the deep roll of the drum
Resounded o'er the soldiered plains.
O Heaven ! with what a deed of dole
The hundred thousand wrongs were crowned
Of trodden-down Tyról !¹⁰⁰

With iron-fettered arms and hands
The hero moved along.
His heart was calm, his eye was clear—
Death was for traitor slaves to fear !
He oft amid his mountain bands,
Where Inn's dark wintry waters roll,
Had faced it with his battle song,
The Sandwirth of Tyról.

Anon he passed the fortress-wall,
And heard the wail that broke
From many a brother thrall within.
“Farewell!” he cried. “Soon may you win
Your liberty! God shield you all!
Lament not me! I see my goal.
Lament the land that wears the yoke,
Your land and mine, Tyról!”

So through the files of musqueteers
Undauntedly he passed,
And stood within the hollow square.
Well might he glance around him there,
And proudly think on by-gone years!
Amid such serfs *his* bannerol,
Thank God! had never braved the blast
On thy green hills, Tyról!

They bade him kneel; but he with all
A patriot's truth replied—
“I kneel alone to God on high—
As thus I stand so dare I die,
As oft I fought so let me fall!
Farewell”—his breast a moment swoll
With agony he strove to hide—
“My Kaiser and Tyról!”

No more emotion he betrayed.

Again he bade farewell

To Francis and the faithful men

Who girt his throne. His hands were then
Unbound for prayer, and thus he prayed :—

“ God of the Free, receive my soul !

And you, slaves, Fire !” So bravely fell

Thy foremost man, Tyról !

AUGUST LAMEY.

*Fuimus.*³⁰

I am one of some half thousand from the millions of a reign
Departed with the years before the flood—
A reign of Anarchy and Grandeur, Intellect and
Crime,
Which witnessed all of Ill or Good
The lifewhile of a world can show—phenomena such as
Time
Shall never, never see again!

Then spread far forth, like billowy fire, the feelings that
of old
Had smouldered in the bosoms of the Few ;
Immortal Freedom then was born, and dwelt with
mortal men ;
And France, the Thundress, rose and threw
Her giant shadow o'er the quaking earth! Since then
Hath half a stormy century rolled !

You, Germans, you are dead in soul! Your luxury is

Repose ;

We hated that! The price of Liberty

We knew to be our hearts' best blood, and *that* we
freely gave ;

We poured it forth in oceans, we !

Even till we saw the Night again close o'er us like a
grave

Where first our sun of glory rose !

We have learned all terrible truths that Revolution came
to teach—

We have known all marvellous changes Time could
show—

We have seen the Phœnix of a world whose ashes on
the winds

Were scattered long and long ago !

Therefore, pale Youth of Germany, we think not with
your minds,

Nor can you understand our speech !

FRIEDRICH AUGUST V. HEYDEN.

The Last Words of Al-Bassan.

Farewell for ever to all I love!

To river and rock farewell!

To Zoumlah's gloomful cypress-grove,

And Shaarmal's tulipy dell!

To Deenween-Kúllaha's light-blue bay,

And Oreb's lonely strand!

My race is run—I am called away—

I go to the Lampless Land.

'Llah Hu!

I am called away from the light of day

To my tent in the Dark Dark Land!

I have seen the standard of Ali stained

With the blood of the Brave and Free,

And the Kaaba's Venerable Stone profaned

By the truculent Wahabee.

O Allah, for the light of another sun,

With my Bazra sword in hand !

But I rave in vain—my course is run—

I go to the Lampless Land.

'Llah Hu !

My course is run—my goal is won—

I go to the Dark Dark Land !

Yet, why should I live a day—an hour ?

The friends I valued lie low ;

My sisters dance in the halls of the Giaour ;³¹

My brethren fight for the foe.

None stood by the banner this arm unfurled

Save Khàrada's mountain-band.

'Tis well that I leave so base a world,

Though to dwell in the Lampless Land—

'Llah Hu !

'Tis well that I leave so false a world,

Though to dwell in the Dark Dark Land !

Even she, my loved and lost Ameen,

The moon-white pearl of my soul,

Could pawn her peace for the show and sheen

Of silken Istambòl !

How little did I bode what a year would see

When we parted at Samarkhànd—

My bride in the harem of the Osmânlee,

Myself in the Lampless Land !

'Llah Hu !

My bride in the harem of the Osmânlee,

Myself in the Dark Dark Land !

We weep for the Noble who perish young,

Like flowers before their bloom—

The great-souled Few, who, unseen and unsung,

Go down to the charnel's gloom ;

But, written on the brow of each, if Man

Could read it and understand,

Is the changeless decree of Heaven's Deewàn—

We are born for the Lampless Land !

'Llah Hu !

By the dread firmàn of Heaven's Deewàn

All are born for the Dark Dark Land !

The wasted moon has a marvellous look

Amiddle of the starry hordes—

The heavens, too, shine like a mystic book,
All bright with burning words.
The mists of the dawn begin to dialimn
Zahàra's castles of sand.
Farewell!—farewell! Mine eyes feel dim—
They turn to the Lampless Land.
'Llah Hu!
My heart is weary—mine eyes are dim—
I would rest in the Dark Dark Land!

JOHANN WILHELM LUDWIG GLEIM.

The Little Hut.

One little hut is all my wealth terrene ;
It stands upon a grass-rich green :
Anigh it runs one happy little stream,
As bright and silent as a dream.

In front of it one fatherly old tree
O'ershades this little hut for me,
And shelters it from Winter's rain and storm,
And Summer-suns, when over-warm.

And from the tree one darling nightingale
Pours forth so soft and sweet a wail
That most who pass and all who linger by
Feel moved with love they wiss not why.

Dear little maiden with the flaxen hair !
Thou knowest me fond as thou art fair ;
I go : rude winds are whistling through the tree ;
Wilt let me share my hut with thee ?

JOHANN MARTIN MILLER.

The Sentimental Gardener.

Once there was a Gardener,
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers :
He often stooped and kissed 'em
After thunder-showers :
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air is deemed a
hardener
Of the human system !

Many a moon went over,
And still his death-bell tale was told and tolled,
His tears, like rain in Winter,
Dribbling slow and cold.
Voici the song itself ; I send it under cover
To my Leipsic printer.

“ Weary ! I am weary !

No rest from raking till I reach my goal !

Here, like a tulip trampled,

Lose I heart and soul ;

Sure such a Death-in-Life as mine,—so dark, so dreary,

Must be unexampled !

Hence, when drougthy weather

Has dulled the spirits of my violets,

Medreams I feel as though I

Should have slight regrets

Were they and I just then to droop and die together,

Watched and wept by *no* eye.

O, gazelle-eyed Princess !

Grand daughter of the Sultan of Cathay !

The Knave of Spades beseeches

Thee by night and day :

He dies to lay before thee samples of his quinces,

Apricots and peaches !

Questionless Thy Highness

Must wonder why I play the Absent Man ;

Yet, if I pitch my lonely

Tent in Frankistan,

Attribute, O, Full Moon ! the blame, not to my shyness,
But my planet only.

But, enough ! I'll smother
My groanings—and myself. Were I a Free
Rix-Baron or a Markgrave,
I would fly to thee,
But since—alas, my stars !—I'm neither one nor t'other.
Here I'll dig my dark grave !”

AUGUST KUHN.

The Bereaved One.

There comes a Wanderer, worn and weary,
To a cottage on the wold—
“Mother dear!—the night is dreary,
And I am wet and cold,
For I have been through rain and mire;—
Mother dear, it blows a storm!
Let me in, I pray, to warm
My fingers by the fire!”

The door is opened—not by *her*—
A little boy, wellnigh a child,
Looks up into the Wanderer's face
With a look so soft and mild!—
He was like a messenger
Sent from some pure sphere above,
Unto Man's unhappy race,
On an embassy of love!

“ Come in, good man,” he said ;—“ what dost
Thou out on such a night as this ?
O, I was dreaming wondrous things !
Medreamt that I had left and lost
My happy home and all my bliss ;
So I wept and could not rest,—
Then came one with golden wings,
And took me to my father’s breast.”

The Wanderer’s tears are flowing fast ;
He doth not speak, he clasps his hands,
But grief breaks forth in speech at last—
“ And, dearest child, where is thy father ? ”—
—“ Amid a shadowy group he stands,
And a moony light reposes
On his face, but I would rather
Be with him than pulling roses ! ”

“ And thy mother,—what of her ? ”—
“ O ! often when the night is falling,
When the wind moans through the fir,
I can hear her dear voice calling
From her far-off home to me :
I think this cottage was too small
For father, sister, her and all,
And so they left it, all the three.”

—"Ha, what!—thy sister also?—Speak!"—

—"Good man, I see thou knewest her, then.

The bloom soon faded from her cheek,

But now she dwells beyond the moon;

She could not stay, she told me, when

Our mother and our father went;

Down in the vale, to-morrow noon,

They'll point thee out her monument."

—"And, tell me, darling child!—who sleeps

Within the grave beside the stream,

Where the sun can seldom beam,

And the willow ever weeps?

The burial-stone rose blank and bare."—

Here wept the child, and then he said,

"They say my brother's wife is dead,

Because she slumbers there.

"My brother Walter went abroad.

And never more came back,

And then his wife grew pale and wan,

She said her heart was on the rack,

And Life was now a weary load;

And so she lingered, lingered on,

Until a year or two ago,

When Death released her from her woe."

Thus far will Walter hear—no more :

He presses once his brother's hand,

Then, wandering forth amid the roar

Of wind and rain he seeks the river,

And, having one brief minute scanned,

Silently, and calm of eye,

The broad black mass of cloud on high,

He plunges in the waves for ever.

CONRAD WETZEL.

Song.

When the roses blow
Man looks out for brighter hours ;
When the roses glow
Hope relights her lampless bowers.
Much that seemed in Winter's gloom
Dark with heavy woe
Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
When the roses blow—
When the roses blow—
Wears a gladsome hue and bloom
When the roses blow.

When the roses blow
Love, that slept, shall wake anew :
Merrier blood shall flow
Through the springald's veins of blue ;

And if Sorrow wrang the heart
Even that shall go;—
Pain and Mourning must depart
When the roses blow—
When the roses blow—
Pain and Mourning must depart
When the roses blow.

When the roses blow
Look to heaven, my fainting soul !
There, in stainless show,
Spreads the veil that hides thy goal.
Not while Winter breathes his blight
Burst thy bonds below !
Let the Earth look proud and bright
Let the roses blow !
Let the roses blow !
O, let Earth look proud and bright !
Let the roses blow !

©, *My Heart.*

Ye have heard of the Dweller in Rudesheim Cellar !

The Gnome of the Quartz (bottle) Mine !

An imp from the Mountains !—in fine,

A spirit !—the fiery Spirit of Wine !

Whom hoops of iron round glass environ,

Imprisoning and pressing him tight ;

For he burns to burst forth in his might,

And drink his fill of the upper light !

Ah !—how he resembles the rebel that trembles

To break through this dungeoning breast,

Strange struggler ! Art master, or guest ?

Wilt rest thyself, or let *me* have rest ?

Thou too art prisoned, nor better seasoned

To brook Life's *iron-hoop* rule—

Grow, grow so, refractory fool !

Slack thy fire ! Still thy throbs ! Thou art yet but at
school !

Are forty Winters such faint imprinters
Of age on a thing of thy mould ?
O shame that thou waxest not old !
Why, saucy one, *worlds* are Time-controlled !

But the worm is Man's brother—and one way or t'other
Thy sport will be finally spoiled :—
Though the lock on Life's Gate may be oiled,
Death strikes but the surer where *Time* is foiled.

Good Night.

Good Night, Good Night, my Lyre !

A long, a last Good Night !

In ashes lies the fire

That lent me Warmth and Light.

With Love, Life too is fled ;

My bosom's blood is cold ;

My mind is all but dead ;

My heart is growing old.

Soon will my sad eyes close,

O, Lyre, on Earth and Thee !

I go to woo Repose

In God's Eternity !

APPENDIX.

(1) Schlegel, on quitting college, had gone to Strehla, and there established an academy, from whence he corresponded with his friends, the members of the Poetical Club at Leipzig. This residence of his at Strehla they were playfully wont to designate his *exile*. By a *longer exile*, Klopstock, of course, means Death.

(2) *Kunnersdorf*, a village near Frankfort on the Oder, where Frederick was defeated by the Russians, on the 12th of August, 1759, in one of the bloodiest battles of modern times.

(3) An allusion to Frederick's literary pursuits.

(4) The yoke which all wear, but none wear out.

(5) Vor dem *Ernste*, der dein Haupt, entfürstet,
In die *Stille* niederlegen wird.

Before to the *Solemn* who thy head, unprinc'd, in the *Stilly* beneath lay shall; *vis.*, Before the [coming of the] solemn [hour] which shall lay thy head, stripp'd of its royalty, in the still [ness of the grave.] I have adhered to the metonymy, save that I have chosen to make *der Ernste* represent Death himself rather than the time of death; the Sternness, therefore, is Death, and the Silence the grave.

(6) *Sophi*, a title of the Khan of Persia.

By this scymitar
That slew the *Sophy* and a Persian prince,
And won three fields of Sultan Solymán.
Merch. of Ven. Act. II. sc. 1.

(7) WAS NICHT REIN IST, WIRD IN NACHT VERSCHWINDEN;
DES VERUESTERS HAND IST AUSGESTRECKT;
UND DIE WAHRHEIT WIRD DEN MENSCHEN FINDEN,
OB IHN DUNKEL ODER GLANZ VERSTECKT!

(8) A lake in the Black Forest, near Baden.

(9) The Tutelary Genius of the Lake.

(10) Ice-hills.

(11) A cluster of islands in the Northern Ocean, to the N.E. of Shetland.

(12) Horse-soldier.

(13) Governor.

(14) "A kind of hired encomiast stood on the Monarch's left hand crying out *à pleine gorge*, during the whole ceremony, "See the Buffalo!—the Offspring of a Buffalo!—a Bull of Bulls!—the Elephant of superior strength!—the powerful Sultan Abd-el-rachmân-el-rashid!"—BROWN'S *Travels in Africa*.

(15) Rhinoceros.

(16) Sovereign's.

(17) The allusion here is to Dr. Gottsched, the German Aristarchus of the eighteenth century. He was Professor of Metaphysics, Philosophy, and Logic in the University of Leipsic; and his error lay in endeavouring to make Poetry metaphysical, philosophical, and logical.

(18) Mediterranean.

(19) A poem by Grabbe thus entitled.

(20) The allusions are to Grabbe's historical and illustrative works.

(21) Basket.

(22) Earth.

(23) This ballad is founded on fact. In a note at the end of M. Klauer's volume we have the genuine history of the hero, given in a narrative transcribed from Feszler and Fischer's *Euromia* for July, 1805. The student was the son of a Pomeranian country clergyman, and was sent to Prague for the completion of his education. There his youth, temperament, and freedom from restraint soon led him into excesses, which increased until he became a confirmed libertine. He ceased to correspond with his kindred; and his father, preyed on by anxiety and grief, at length fell mortally ill. His mother now wrote to him, adjuring him to return and receive the dying benediction of the parent who had reared him in the love and fear of GOD; but in vain; the student, considering her story an invention to wile him home, refused to attach credit to it, and pursued his career of dissipation at Prague. Time wheeled on; at last, one night as the student lay in bed, he was startled by a rustling sound nigh him, and in the same moment a gentle current of air passed over his face. Turning round with an involuntary shudder, he beheld a phantom leaning over the bed-side, and contemplating him with looks of the tenderest pity. It was the apparition of his dying father! Terror mastered him at the sight; he seized a sword that hung against the wall, and made a thrust at the spectre-

which immediately disappeared. The student was now seriously alarmed, as all his dependence was upon his father, and next day he set out for Pomerania. But before he had accomplished more than half his journey homeward, a black letter met him, and, opening it, he found that it announced the death of his father. After a number of preliminary details, the following account was given of the last moments of the deceased.—"The desire of the sick man to see his child once more, the father's anguish at the thought of his son's depravity and obduracy augmented hourly. On the last evening of his life never a minute elapsed that he did not enquire, on the occasion of the slightest noise or movement near him, 'Has he come yet? Is he there?'—and when answered, 'Alas, no!' he would break forth into piteous lamentations over the wretched state of his lost son. Midnight came, passed; he grew fainter and fainter. At one o'clock he had sunk into a state of strange calmness. It was thought that he slept. His family surrounded his bed. On a sudden a trembling came over him; he turned himself round, and lifting his eyes to his daughter, who was affectionately watching by him, he exclaimed in a hollow voice, 'All is over! My reprobate son has just struck at me with his sword!' Speech and consciousness then deserted him. Towards the dawning of day he gave up the ghost." M. Klauer's narrative, of which this is an abstract, closes here: the ballad, it will be perceived, carries the story further, but whether according to the strict truth or not, we cannot pretend to say.

(24) The rapid conveyance of this letter is of course a poetical license.

(25) Und nimmt in beide Hände
Den kahlgeschornen Kopf,

"and takes the bald-shorn head in both hands." This passage appears to us *inconsequent*.

(26) Hofer kept an inn at Passeier, his birth-place; and even after he had taken up arms, he always went among the peasantry by the title of *der Sandwirth*, the Publican.

(27) Betet *leise* für mich Armen,
Betet *laut* für unsern Kaiser.

Viz :—Pray *softly* for me [a] poor [sinner]
Pray *aloud* for our Emperor.

I quote these lines because, upon casting my eye over the translation, "a sinner lowly" strikes me as somewhat of an ambiguity.

(28) Buonasparte.

(29) I suppose I need scarcely remark that this word is properly accented on the second syllable.

(30) The reader will please to remark that the author of this poem is a native of Strasburg, and, as such, considers himself a Frenchman.

THE END.

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